

# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 367.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1834.

PRICE  
FOURPENCE.

This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is received, by the early Coaches, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all other large Towns; but for the convenience of persons residing in remote places, or abroad, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.  
[J. HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.]

## REVIEWS

*Mémoires de l'Institut Royal de France, Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres.* Tome X. Paris: Imprimerie Royale; London, Richter.

THE increasing anxiety of the learned throughout Europe to extend the intellectual intercourse of nations, and make known what each has done for the advancement of every branch of knowledge, is most gratifying to all who, like ourselves, desire to see science and literature "the very bond of peace" among nations. Our own humble exertions in forwarding the good cause are known to our readers; but we look upon every work sent to us from abroad, still more when from a distinguished Society like that of L'Institut Royal, not merely as an honourable testimony that our labours are appreciated, but as a pleasant proof that they have not been altogether unsuccessful. The value of the Memoirs published by the Academy of Inscriptions, is known to all scholars; it deserves, however, to be made known, that many of these Memoirs are not addressed exclusively to the learned, but discuss topics of general interest. A brief analysis of the articles contained in the volume before us will enable our readers to judge how much has been contributed to the store of general knowledge by the recent labours of the literary department of the French Institute.

The first memoir, by Baron de Sacy, discusses the historical value of the synchronisms established by Hamza Isfahani between the kings of Persia and two ancient Arabian dynasties; he shows, that Hamza is as inaccurate in his chronology as the herd of oriental writers, and that he cannot be relied upon as an authority.

The second memoir, also contributed by the Baron, investigates the origin of 'The Arabian Nights.' The Baron claims for the Saracens the honour of having invented these stories, whose literary merit he thinks has been greatly exaggerated. We do not agree with either of his conclusions, but having more than once stated our own opinions, it is unnecessary to dwell upon the subject.

A third memoir describes two Arabic inscriptions on papyrus, contained among the Egyptian antiquities purchased by Drovetti. They seem to prove that the present Arabic alphabet (the Neshki) was used in the age of Mohammed, and was anterior to the Cufic. The foundation appears too narrow for the support of such an hypothesis.

The fourth memoir is a continuation of the Baron's former investigation into the religious tenets of the Druses. It is generally known that the Druses are an off-set from the Ismaelians or Assassins, who have chosen for their prophet, Hakem, an Egyptian Khaliph, a monster of cruelty and vice. It appears, from one of the pieces translated by Baron de Sacy, that the Khaliph's extravagant debaucheries and wanton murders had

excited disgust among some portion of his besotted subjects, who presented a remonstrance on the subject. The answer was not a denial of the crimes, but an assertion that they formed a sublime allegory, full of instruction to true believers; every one of the charges is stated with disgusting minuteness, and the allegorical significations deduced transcend all former specimens of perverted ingenuity. One, as an example, may amuse our readers:—

The putting to death of Sarvaïd and Homam was a lesson to those who chose to reflect upon it, and served to remove unbelief from those who made it the subject of their meditations. They were the two best wrestlers (in Cairo), and each headed a body of factions partisans. They are the emblems of Mohammed and Ali, and their destruction signifies the abolition of the two laws, literal Mohammedanism (the Soonite creed), and allegorical Mohammedanism (the creed of the Shiâhs).

It deserves also to be remarked, that the union of divinity and humanity in the person of Hakem is more strongly urged in these Druse documents, than in those which were published in the Museum Borgianum.

The next article is a memoir on the state of the Natural Sciences among the people of Eastern Asia, by the late M. Abel Rémusat. This lamented scholar shows, that the Chinese have had a systematic Natural History from, at least, two centuries before the Christian era—that their symbolic alphabet necessarily forced them to adopt an orderly nomenclature, and, consequently, suggested a system of classification; but he hints what he might have stated broadly, that these very facilities have led Chinese students to rest satisfied with the knowledge of names, without investigating the things themselves.

Three memoirs, contributed by M. Letronne, follow; one only possesses general interest, the examination of the accounts given by the ancients of the vocal statue of Memnon. (See M. Letronne's Letter, *Athenæum*, ante, p. 690.)

We have next a very curious treatise, both in a zoological and historical point of view, on the animals exhibited in the circus at the public games of the Romans. The author, M. Mongez, shows that many animals, now very rarely seen in Europe, such as the giraffe and the rhinoceros, were not uncommon in the Roman exhibitions. In describing the means by which the wild animals were taken, he declares that Pliny's account of the lion being rendered harmless if a cloth be thrown over his eyes, has been confirmed by recent travellers; but we do not feel quite satisfied with his authorities.

Another memoir, interesting to classical scholars, has been contributed by M. Dureau de la Malle, 'On the condition of the free population of Italy under the supremacy of the Roman republic.' The author has, as yet, only investigated the state of agricultural labourers; he shows, that the Romans in the country found the labour of slaves dearer than that of free men, and proves that the

slave population of Italy was much smaller than is usually supposed.

M. Pouqueville has contributed a 'Memoir on the French Commerce with the Levant, from the beginning of the Sixth to the close of the Seventeenth Century.' After a brief survey of the state of ancient commerce and the routes it traversed, the author shows that the trade of Marseilles with the East scarcely suffered any interruption from the conquests of the Franks, and that the successors of Clovis, so early as the middle of the sixth century, had formed commercial treaties with the Byzantine emperors. In the ninth century, Jerusalem seems to have been a place of great commercial importance, for M. Pouqueville has discovered the journal of a voyage undertaken by St. Arculf, about that period, in which he states, that "a fair is held annually in Jerusalem every 15th of September, where merchants assemble from every country in perfect freedom." He adds, "amongst them are to be found, pilgrims, men of letters, and persons whose profession it is to collect anecdotes, that they may be able on their return to relate amusing histories in the houses of the nobility." The monk Bernard, who visited Jerusalem A.D. 870, adds, that "the Holy City contained a bazaar, (for the use of which, each merchant paid two golden crowns annually,) a caravan-serai, and library." These circumstances will, perhaps, account sufficiently for the tinge of orientalism found in the popular literature of Europe before the time of the Crusades. M. Pouqueville does not regard Peter the Hermit as a mere enthusiast; he shows that he was employed by the Frank merchants settled in Palestine, to plead their cause to the French monarch, and point out the dangers to which their commerce was exposed from the ferocity of the Seljukian Turks, who had overthrown the Saracenic empire. Passing lightly over the time of the Crusades, our author traces the gradual establishment of the Amalfitan Code, the basis of maritime and commercial law in modern Europe; he shows that this code was not, as has been supposed, devised by the Italian merchants, but was a revival of the legislations of the Rhodians, and the Romans of the Lower Empire. He next examines the origin of consular establishments in the Levant, and states that though traces of them may be found in the eleventh century, they were not fixed upon a firm basis before the foundation of the Latin empire at Constantinople in the thirteenth century. From a curious statute of the city of Marseilles, bearing date the 2nd of April, A.D. 1253, it appears that the commercial cities in the south of France had not only the privilege of electing their own magistrates and consuls, but that they could regulate their commercial relations with foreign states, independently of the royal authority.

The election of consuls (says this statute) belongs exclusively to our Podestat or Chief Magistrate, who shall choose them after having

asked the advice of the syndics, counsellors, heads of guilds and other officers of the city. They must be chosen from the best families in Marseilles.

Four years afterwards, when the city submitted to Charles of Anjou, it was stipulated that consuls should be elected as heretofore, but that the suzerain should have a Veto on the appointment. This was the golden age of French commerce; the people of Marseilles in alliance with the Jews, supplanted the Greeks in the Levantine and Mediterranean markets, while the Venetians and Genoese were as yet scarcely known in a mercantile character. But the wars in which the Counts of Provence engaged to maintain the claims of the house of Anjou to the thrones of Naples and Sicily, proved fatal to the trade of Marseilles and the neighbouring towns; and Levantine commerce had almost wholly ceased when the Turks captured Constantinople. The commerce of Venice was founded on the ruins of that of Provence; during the two centuries that "the Queen of the Adriatic" flourished in her glory, the south of France, and, indeed, the whole of the kingdom, was distracted by internal commotions that diverted attention from trade. The commerce of Marseilles began to revive under Louis XI., who published an edict somewhat similar to the English Navigation Act, prohibiting the importation of spices or any Levantine goods into France, except in French vessels. So low had the people of Marseilles sunk at this period, that their trade was carried on under the Venetian flag, and their merchants had to rely on the protection of Venetian consuls. Louis XI. sent consuls to the different Mohammedan states, but the Turks did not concede to them the privileges which their predecessors had enjoyed under the Saracens, for Khalil, an Arabic author of this period, speaking of the consuls at Alexandria, says,

"They are great lords sent by the Franks of different nations; they are a kind of hostages, for when any of these nations does anything injurious to Islamism, we hold the consul accountable."

Matters continued in this unsatisfactory state until the reign of Francis I., who entered into a treaty offensive and defensive with the Sublime Porte, (A.D. 1536.) One of the stipulations was,

The King (of France) shall preserve for ever full and entire sovereignty over his subjects settled in the Levant, and they shall in no case be tried before any tribunals save those of his ambassadors and consuls.

Some remembrance of their old communal liberty seems to have been revived at this time among the citizens of Marseilles, for when a consul appointed by the King presented his letters of appointment to their council for registration, they expressly declared that their acceptance of the nomination should be "without prejudice to their liberties, statutes, privileges, and franchises." This was, however, an expiring effort, the appointment of consuls soon became a branch of the royal prerogative, and was regularly farmed out by Louis XIV. In conclusion, M. Pouqueville investigates the formation of a commercial code in France, but this part of his subject is interesting only to the legal antiquarian.

The next memoir is 'On the origin of the Peerage in France and England, by M. Ber-

nardi.' It contains little new information, and leaves untouched the great question of the difference between the Parliaments established nearly at the same time in both nations.

The last memoir is on the law of custom, or what we should call the common law of France, by M. Pardessus, a subject interesting only to French antiquarians.

*Francesca Carrara.* By the Author of 'Romance and Reality.' London: Bentley.

It is worth noting as characteristic of the literature of to-day, that the same most gracious and reasonable public who reject with indifference—nay more, impatience—the labour of the poet when offered to them in the forms of measured lines and stanzas, encourage and enjoy his visions and fancies, when they come forth in the pretence of a prose garb. It would seem as if Rhyme and Reason, so long united in the adage, were now divorced in popular opinion—but that still the utilitarians of the times we live in have no objection to drink of the cup that charmed (and they would say intoxicated) their forefathers—provided they can partake of its enchantments "under the prose."

In plain English, our poets are turned novelists, and our novelists talk poetry. The Lady of the 'Improvisatrice' and the 'Golden Violet,' gives us her subtle fancies and eloquent descriptions in three volumes instead of one—in chapters instead of cantos. In her present book she has adapted herself to her new style of writing much more successfully than on a former occasion. There is less attempt at brilliancy and point, and more nature than before; we, therefore, like 'Francesca Carrara,' by many degrees, better than its predecessor. Were we disposed to be hypercritical, we might insinuate that the scenes at the Court of France (slippery ground for even Mercury himself to tread) read too much like the fruits of research into old memoirs and collections of *ana*, instead of being naturally incorporated with the story—that the historical characters are rather disclosed to our view arranged in *tableaux*, than in a series of vivid and easy sketches breathed upon the canvas by an artist imbued with the spirit of that brilliant time and place. We might object to a too frequent use of aphorisms and reflections, which the story ought itself to suggest to the contemplative, and which are only hindrances in the way of the butterfly-reader; but we will rather dwell upon the delicate and true pictures of that beautiful riddle, a woman's heart, with which Miss Landon presents us—and upon her very many beautiful descriptions of feeling and natural scenery, not a few of which are melancholy and musical as the flow of some ruined fountain in a deserted garden, which seems to lament for those who placed the urn and planted the flowers around it,—now passed away for ever!

But we must return from our similes to plain prose, or, what will be still better, open the book and let it speak for itself, our lips, as is their wont, being sealed as to the mysteries of its plot. The chapter we give, almost entire, requires no elucidating words—of such contrasts is life made up.

"The day had been intensely hot, and, in Guido's weak state, it overpowered the little

strength which he had left; but towards evening he grew even more feverish, his senses wandered, and strong spasms of pain alone seemed to recall him to his actual existence. The recollection of that interview with Marie Mancini haunted him. He fancied she was coming, would start at the least noise, and ask mournfully if he was to die without seeing her.

"Francesca sought every means to soothe him, but in vain. Even her sweet and beloved voice fell unheeded on his ear; and it was late before, quite worn out, he fell into a deep slumber.

"There was a strange character of mournful beauty flung over the scene passing in that chamber of death—one that a painter would have chosen when, disappointed with the world, and smitten by some deep sorrow, he seeks refuge in the lovely creations of his art, selecting a melancholy subject, and investing it with the gloom felt within. At the far extremity of the room, placed on a little round old-fashioned table, was a lamp, whose red gleam made a small bright circle on the wall, as if to enhance the darkness which surrounded it. Drawn towards the window was the bed whereon Guido was laid. The curtains were all flung back to admit the air, and the lattices were thrown open to the utmost. The long tendrils and slender leaves of the honeysuckle formed a dark outline, just pencilled on the air, and swayed gently to and fro; for a soft wind agitated the boughs. The moon, directly opposite, flung into the room a long and tremulous line of light, which fell on Guido's face, as he reclined on the pillows which supported his head; he needed the support, for a feeling of suffocation was his constant complaint. It was the face of a statue—so pure, so pale, with the features transparent, like the delicate carving of highly polished marble; the long dark lash resting on the cheek, and the thick curls upon the brow, were the sole likeness to humanity. One emaciated hand lay on the counterpane, the other was held by Francesca, whose profile was seen, like a gentle shadow, bending over him. \* \* \*

"The moonbeam grew fainter—the corpse-like features became indistinct. She knew her eyes were fixed upon them, but they could not penetrate the awful obscurity. A stupor stole over her; she was conscious, but paralysed; and her eyelids dropped, as if to shut out some fearful object. She still felt that Guido's cold hand clasped her own, and she remained motionless—the fear of disturbing him paramount to every other fear.

"She felt the grasp relax, and started at once from the shuddering torpor which had oppressed her. It had been upon her longer than she deemed, for the chill white light of coming day-break was glimmering through the lattice. Guido was rousing, too, but he was convulsed with some fierce agony; his teeth were set, the veins rose upon his temples, and the dews hung upon his brow.

"Francesca raised his head tenderly, and endeavoured to make him swallow a few drops of a medicine that stood by. Her care was successful, and at last he revived. His eyes opened, wide and wandering, and filled with a strange, unnatural light; while his features relaxed from their ghastly contraction, but wore still a wild and unusual expression.

"I have seen her!" he muttered, in a faint tone; "we shall never meet again. Farewell, Marie, for ever!"

"Dearest Guido," whispered Francesca, "do not agitate yourself. Your sleep seems to have done you little good."

"He drank from the cup which she put to his lips, and sunk back on the pillow, pale and exhausted, but so composed, that she allowed Lucy, who just then entered the room, to watch by Guido during her customary short absence.

"We, too, will leave them, and passing beyond seas, record a strange scene that took place at the Hôtel de Soissons that night.

"It was even later than usual when the Comtesse quitted a brilliant *réunion* of all that was gayest in the royal circle, elate with the glittering triumph of gratified vanity, and reading in such success the sure prognostic of more solidly successful ambition. Restless and excited, she could not retire to sleep: but her hair once unbound from its knots of pearls, and a loose wrapping dress thrown round her, she dismissed her attendants, and, drawing a little writing-table to her fauteuil, prepared to exhaust some of her gaiety in letter-writing. She had a thousand flattering and lively things to say, and she was now in the mood for them.

"This is a pleasant hour in human existence—the hour after some unusually agreeable fête—agreeable from its homage to yourself; just enough fatigued for languor, but not for weariness—enough to make you enjoy the loosened hair, the careless robe, and the indolent arm-chair; while the spirits are still in a state of excitement, the tones of the music, or yet more musical words, still floating in your ear; your own light replies yet living on the memory, and the fancy animated by their vivid recollection.

"In such a mood the Comtesse de Soissons drew towards her the fragrant scrolls on which she intended to record a thousand graceful futilities, all to forward the same object—her own interest. 'Nay!' exclaimed she, flinging down the pen, 'that seems scarcely earnest enough! Praise should be given unguardedly and eagerly—rather as it were a relief to express one's feeling—'

"The sentence died unfinished on her lips. She started from her seat, for, directly opposite to her stood Guido da Carrara, pale, sad, but with his large dark eyes fixed upon her, with that deep expression of tenderness, once so familiar to her sight, but now wild and melancholy—ay, and something fearful, in their gaze. Marie's cheek blanched as she looked upon him. She strove to scream, but in vain; all her former love—the only real feeling which she had ever known—beat passionately within her heart; a gush of unutterable tenderness, strangely mixed with vague terror, arose upon her mind. Still he stood pale, sorrowful, and motionless, while Marie found every other feeling gradually lost in terror. The air grew chill around, and her knees trembled beneath her weight.

"Guido!" she exclaimed, in a voice choked with emotion, 'for God's sake, speak!'

"Still the figure moved not—spoke not—but continued to fix upon her the same look of reproach and love. All the gentle scenes of their youth seemed to grow present before her; she felt that she had never loved but him, and that all other hopes and ties were but as a vain dream.

"I care not if I die," exclaimed she, impetuously; 'let my head rest but once again on that heart once so dearly mine!'

"Marie sprang forwards. She attempted to clasp the hands of her visitor, but her hands closed on the empty air. She staggered as with a blow; again she met that mournful face turned towards her, but even as she looked it melted into air. She glanced hurriedly round, but Guido was gone!—yet the door remained closed. She shrieked his name, but all was still as the grave. She threw a searching glance round the chamber, but in the effort sank senseless on the ground."

The length of our extract will preclude the possibility of our giving any other, save a short scene in which there is much power: it is of a girl witnessing an execution:—

"With a light yet hurried step, she went up stairs, and approached the lattice. At first she could not force herself to look out; but the agony of endurance grew insupportable, and she leant forth. Her worst fears were not realised; but there was enough to alarm her in the unusual aspect of the place. It was now about six o'clock, and that first freshness was on the air, which is to the day what youth is to life,—so light, so elastic, so sweet, and so brief; the roofs of the thatched buildings glittered with the moisture rapidly drying up; the fragrant breath of the cows, the long lingered odour from the hay-ricks, were so perceptible on the clear atmosphere; long shadows came down from the house and the trees, but they only made more visible the golden transparency of the sunshine.

"O God!" cried Francesca, 'this contrast of the glad external world is dreadful to that within!'

"The farm-yard, though morning was upon it, showed none of its usual morning activity; the hinds stood staring and bewildered in knots of some two or three, who appeared as though they sought to draw nigh to each other for protection, not companionship, and cast half-sullen, half-scared looks at the intruders on their own domain. The soldiers were scattered about, some talking to each other with the most careless indifference, others collected round a gaunt-looking sergeant, who was reading from a small Bible, and whose nasal accents were audible, though Francesca could not catch the words. A small body of dismounted troopers were lounging near the gate, waiting for their leader's call to boot and saddle; but there was one party that riveted her eye—six men, of grave and determined bearing, who stood apart, leaning upon their carbines. The domestic fowls alone seemed undisturbed by the unusual visitors, unless a more than ordinary noise of chirping and fluttering marked something of fear; but the large house-dog could not be quieted, and kept up that savage bark and growl which indicated its consciousness of intrusion and danger. Suddenly all eyes turned in one direction, and Major Johnstone came from the house, followed by the prisoner and four soldiers. Francis stepped lightly forward, and flung round a glance of the most careless contempt; and as he passed below the window, Francesca could hear him humming the notes of a popular loyalist song peculiarly obnoxious to the rigid fanatics. The insult caused many a dark brow to turn scowling upon him; but he paid them back glance for glance, and met every frown with a smile. He reached the appointed place; and, at a sign from Major Johnstone, one of the troopers drew out a handkerchief, and attempted to bind his eyes. The prisoner flung him off with a force scarcely to be expected from one of his slight figure, and, turning quickly, said, 'Let me die like a man!—whatever is my death, let me face it!' No further effort was made to blindfold him; but the carbineers formed their deadly rank, looking, however, towards their commander for the signal.

"I will myself give the word!" cried Evelyn. 'When I take off my hat, fire.'

"Francesca had hitherto looked on with that sort of charmed gaze with which the fascinated bird watches the gray and glittering eye of the serpent which forces it to its doom; but womanly terror now mastering strong excitement, she knelt down, and, hiding her face in her hands, muttered incoherent ejaculations of prayer.

"Major Johnstone had, by a stern gesture of assent, marked his permission for the prisoner to give his own death signal; and Francis, after a leisurely survey, expressive of the utmost contumely of the iron fates that darkened round him, raised his hand to his head;—every carbine was raised, too, in preparation; and the

sudden rise of the steel tubes flashed like some strange meteor in the sun.

"God save King Charles!" exclaimed the reckless cavalier, and flung his white plumed hat in the air.

"A loud burst of musketry rang far away into the distant forest; many echoes took it up, and repeated the mimic thunder; a strange screaming rose from the startled birds;—but loud above them all was heard the shriek of a woman."

It is in such scenes as the above that the merit of this book lies, in our opinion; and not in those wherein the Mancinis, and Cardinal Mazarin, and Christina of Sweden, figure. The deeper that Miss Landon works her simpler vein of feeling, the richer will be the ore she will find, and the more delightful will be her fictions, whether told in prose or verse.

*Missionary Researches in Armenia.* By Eli Smith and H. G. O. Dwight, Missionaries from the American Board of Missions. To which is prefixed a Memoir on the Geography and Ancient History of Armenia. By the Author of 'The Modern Traveller.' London: Wightman.

THE announcement of this work led us to form expectations which have not been fully answered; in truth, we have read parts of it with much pain. To Christian missionaries an abundant measure of Christian charity is above all things necessary; but the authors of the 'Researches in Armenia' display, in every page, a narrow sectarian spirit, such as ought not to have been found in the writings of educated men at the present day. The use of the word "Papist," as a term of reproach, is confined in England to the mere vulgar—a respectable controversialist scarce allows it to drop from his pen; yet no other name do Messrs. Smith and Dwight give to the professors of the Roman Catholic religion, whom they denounce in terms that must have been selected from the oratorical displays in Barebones' parliament. This intolerance is badly calculated to give a reader confidence in any of the statements made by them respecting the moral and religious condition of the people they visited. We naturally suspect that, having in their own minds associated sinful conduct with erroneous belief, they may have been led involuntarily to exaggerate the vices of those who differed from them in creed. When authors tell us in one passage, that the papal Armenians are morally and intellectually superior to those who adhere to the old national creed, and in another declare that the progress of Romanism among the Armenians is an evil of the greatest magnitude, we smile at their logic while we blush for their prejudice.

We gladly drop the words of censure that have been wrung from us, and turn to themes of praise. The attention bestowed on the condition of the Eastern churches by the American Board of Missions is highly honourable to that body. These churches have existed through ages of bitter and incessant persecution,—like the bush of Moses, burning without being consumed. If, when their establishments were broken, their congregations dispersed, and their records destroyed, erroneous traditions too frequently usurped the place of sound doctrines, let us not too hastily reproach them with their errors.

The Armenians, as a people, are known



to every one: like the Jews and Parsees they are scattered abroad over the face of the earth, without losing their national character. Little, however, is generally known of their country, though its history is intimately blended with that of the Persian and Byzantine empires, and in no small degree with that of the first Crusaders. A very able summary of Armenian Geography and History has been prefixed to this volume by its English editor, Mr. Josiah Conder: it is, indeed, almost a perfect specimen of judicious compilation. Unfortunately, we are bound, while bestowing this well-merited applause, to reprehend a practice more common than we had supposed, of authors employed to edit the works of others taking that opportunity to recommend their own. 'The Modern Traveller' is a good work, and has often received our commendation; but Mr. Conder has quoted it much too often in his Introduction and in the notes.

The Armenians in Turkey first engaged the attention of our missionaries; and they found the national Armenians engaged in stimulating the Turks to persecute their papal brethren. A few words will explain the reason of the Turks thus interfering in a sectarian dispute, and at the same time show the dangers which might arise from the incautious zeal of European missionaries. It is a fundamental law of Turkey, that each of the tolerated religions should have a recognized head in the capital, responsible to the government for the conduct of his flock. Those who form a new sect, of course, withdraw their allegiance from this spiritual head,—he consequently declares that he is no longer responsible for them, and they forthwith cease to belong to the class of protected subjects.

"The case of the papal Armenians illustrates its operation, and is, therefore, full of instruction to protestant missionaries. Their numbers at the capital and in other places were considerable; they were, as a body, more intelligent than their countrymen; among them were men to whom uncommon wealth and official station gave great influence; and European sympathy was altogether on their side. Still they were every where obliged to rank as a part of the flock of the patriarch. They could have no churches of their own; their priests could not wear the clerical garb, nor be known as such, except under the shadow of European influence; and at baptisms, marriages, and burials, they were obliged to call upon the Armenian clergy, and pay them the accustomed fees. Such, very nearly, was their situation even at Angora, where they amounted to many thousands, while the Armenians were only a few hundred. The Sultan, having been informed of the part the Persian Armenians had taken in the late war of Russia with Persia, deemed it necessary, when anticipating, in the beginning of 1828, a rupture with the same power himself, to remind the patriarch that he must be responsible for the good conduct of his nation. He replied, that for all who belonged to his flock he would readily be responsible; but that there were some who did not acknowledge his authority, and for them he could not pledge himself. The names of such were demanded; and he sent them in. The persecution which came upon them, when thus placed in the predicament of an unacknowledged dissenting sect, is well known. The banishment of the laity seems to have been almost peculiar to the capital and its suburbs, and was ordered under the pretence that every one must return to his own city, and of course they to Angora from whence they had come. But the persecution was felt in

the most distant parts, and even in the Kùrdish pashalik of Baycezed their priests were searched out and banished."

The national Armenians are more inclined to the Greek than the Latin church; and hence thousands of them have withdrawn from the Turkish to the Russian dominions,—permission to do so, without forfeiture of property, having formed a prominent article in the late treaty. It is amusing to find that the Turks learned the value of their Christian subjects just at the moment they were about to lose them.

The opening of the Black Sea has already led to important commercial results; and as the Armenians are the principal managers of the carrying trade between the Caucasian provinces and the sea-ports, it is gratifying to find that they are favourably disposed towards the British nation.

"No nation bears so good a character in Armenia as the English. A high idea is entertained of their neatness, rank, and liberality; and the stranger can receive no higher compliment, in the estimation of his host, than to be called a real Englishman."

From Armenia the missionaries proceeded to Georgia, one of the most interesting countries of the Caucasus: we are soon likely to have an opportunity of calling the attention of our readers to the calamitous struggle in which the independence of the Georgians was destroyed; for we learn from St. Petersburg that Prince Theimuraz, the last of the Georgian royal family, is about to publish the History of Georgia, written by his brother King David, with notes illustrating his campaigns against the Lesghis and the Turks of Kars. Of Georgian history and Georgian literature the missionaries tell us nothing; but they give an animated picture of Tiflis, the capital of the province:—

"Tiflis has the appearance of an excessively busy and populous place. Its streets present not only a crowded, but, unlike many oriental cities, a lively scene. Every person seems hurried by business. Nor is the variety of costumes, representing different nations and tongues, many of which are curious and strange, the least noticeable feature of the scene. The Russian soldier stands sentry at the corners of the streets, in a coarse great-coat, concealing the want of a better uniform, and even of decent clothing. The Russian subaltern jostles carelessly along in a little cloth cap, narrow-skirted coat, and tight pantaloons, with epaulets dangling in front of naturally round shoulders. In perfect contrast to him stands the stately Turk, if not in person, yet represented by some emigrant Armenian, with turbaned head and bagging shalwár. The Georgian priest appears, cane in hand, with a green gown, long hair, and broad brimmed hat, while black flowing robes and a cylindrical lambskin cap mark his clerical brother of the Armenian church. The dark Lesgy, with the two-edged *kama* (short sword), the most deadly of all instruments of death, dangling at his side, seems prowling for its victim as an avenger of blood. The city-bred Armenian merchant waits upon his customers, snugly dressed in an embroidered frock-coat, gay calico frock, red silk shirt, and ample green trousers also of silk. The tall lank Georgian peasant, with an upright conical sheepskin cap, and scantily clothed, looks as independent in his *yapanjy* (cloak of felt), as Diogenes in his tub. His old oppressor, the Persian, is known by more flowing robes, smoothly combed beard, and nicely dented cap. In the midst of his swine appears the half-clad Mingrelian, with bonnet like a tortoise-shell tied loosely upon his head. And in

a drove of spirited horses is a hardy mountaineer, whose round cap with a shaggy flounce of sheepskin dangling over his eyes, and the breast of his coat wrought into a cartridge box, show him to be a Circassian."

The road from Shoosha towards Erivan is well described:—

"Our course lay directly over the mountains, which rose behind, and towered far above our mountain citadel, and had for several weeks been the resting place of dark clouds, that to our impatient eye threatened daily to cover them with impassable snow-drifts. We issued from the Erivan gate, and descending awhile, came upon the top of the ridge which connects, in this direction, the base of the rock of Shoosha with the mountain. We were still so elevated, that the objects at the bottom of the ravines on either side, could be but indistinctly seen, and the steepness of the declivity along which we descended into that on the left, put the carefulness of our horses to a severe test. We finished the descent without accident, and then, following a path little better than a goat's track, over sloping rocks and along the edge of chasms, we traced the torrent that washes the bed of the ravine, to the very top of the mountain.

"Though we had yet found no road more difficult, we enjoyed it much. Our spirits, cheered by feelings of returning health and freedom to move again after so long a confinement, and by the providential deliverance we had experienced from the pestilence by which a thousand had fallen at our side, and ten thousand at our right hand, were additionally exhilarated by a smiling November's sun, which, shining through a cloudless sky, warmed without oppressing us. How charming, too, was the crystal stream that murmured by us, after the briny wells of Shoosha! We felt as if we could swallow enough to quench an elephant's thirst, merely for the pleasure of drinking. The party-coloured leaves, too, silently dropping from the oak, maple, beech, hawthorn, and other trees, which covered the sides of the mountain, and partly shaded our path, threw over our feelings a tinge of pleasing melancholy. And nothing interrupted the general stillness, but the sudden start of a lizard among the leaves, or the bark of a dog of some straggling nomad, who, with tardy steps, was edging his way to join his companions already in their winter-quarters on the banks of the Koor. The height of the mountain may be estimated from the fact, that it divides the waters of the Koor from those of the Aras. We found the topmost ridge entirely destitute of trees, as if even they had retired before the winds and snows that in winter make it their sporting place; and the green sward that covered it, seemed only to add to its bleakness."

We have a serious accusation brought against an Armenian bishop, who jested with rather unbecoming levity on the efforts made by missionaries to convert the Mohammedans:—

"We inquired if the Armenians had ever employed missionaries or their vartabéd (priests) to convert them. No, he replied, and if we attempted it what should we preach to them? They believe in God now, and have good prayers. We could only preach to them the Trinity and the divinity of Christ. We reminded him that Christianity differs in many other very important points from Mohammedanism. How superior, for example, is the heaven of the Bible to that of the Korán. His answer was, 'Why as to that, I will tell you what a vartabéd once said to a moslem—If I were sure that your paradise is a reality, I should wish to be there!'"

But the worthy bishop should no more be taken literally than Moore, who similarly says,

If Mahomet would but receive me,  
And Paradise be what he paints,  
I'm greatly afraid, God forgive me!  
I'd worship the eyes of his saints.

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The general character, however, of the Armenian bishops is not the best possible.

"You will ask, what spiritual services do the diocesan render their people? It is said that they sometimes preach upon special occasions, but we heard of no instance except at Tebriz. They sometimes send out their vartabéd to preach, and make visitations as their vicars, but very rarely, and then only to collect contributions. Not an instance is known where a bishop keeps his vartabéd preaching for the instruction of his charge; so that, instead of hearing the gospel proclaimed, the people rarely listen to a sermon, the sole object of which is not to get money. If ever the bishop makes a visitation of his diocese in person, it has the same pecuniary object. The result is, that his approach, or that of his vicar, is looked upon as a great calamity. As confirmation, however, in the Armenian church devolves not upon bishops, and as ordination, their principal duty, can be done in their convents, they never, in these parts, trouble themselves with personally visiting their dioceses."

Our missionaries were even more shocked by the ceremonies used at the installation of a Catholicos (an archbishop), than by the profane jest of the Armenian prelate:—

"Plain but substantial dishes of meat and pilafs, followed by a variety of confectionaries, were soon served up, to the abundant satisfaction of our hunger; and a vartabéd, continually passing to and fro between the tables, with a jar of wine, occasioned a flow of mirth from some of our fellow-guests, which proved that the kindred appetite had no reason to complain. The dessert was addressed solely to another sense, usually not so exclusively provided for upon similar occasions. It was a single apple, which each smelled of, and then passed to his neighbour. The mind was also fed during the repast, by a long story about Echmiadzin, read by a monk from a sort of orchestra above us. A still longer oration followed, pronounced from a manuscript by the vartabéd at the head of the table, and containing, we imagined from its length, and the names that occurred, a relation of events in general, from Adam to Prince Bebutoff. A toast, followed by the blessing, finished the ceremonies. The peasants who filled the court without, accompanied the toast with a straggling salute of musketry; and a band of strolling musicians added their discordant notes to complete the deafening confusion.—Such was the Sabbath we spent at Echmiadzin, the residence of the head of the Armenian church, and esteemed the most holy spot in the country! and such the profanation of that sacred day, not committed by uncontrollable contemners of religious order, but directed as an appendage to a religious ceremony, by the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries of the nation."

The missionaries proceeded across the frontiers of Persia to Tabriz, then under the immediate rule of Abbas Mirza; they assure us that the merits of this prince were greatly exaggerated; and if their representation be correct, his death should be regarded as a national benefit. We are slow, however, in assenting to statements so directly contradicted by the evidence of all other travellers that have visited Persia. The Armenians of Tabriz, or Tebriz as the missionaries call it, seem to be a precious race of—we need not say what.

"Of the moral character of the Armenians of Tebriz, we received the worst impression. Their priests are unprincipled hirelings, and besides other irregularities, are given to much wine. The people are accused of the basest ingratitude. The English, out of regard to their professing the same religion, have always done much to

protect them, but have received no thanks. Particularly did they when the Russians were marching upon Tebriz, take many into their families as servants, merely to defend their lives from the rage of the moslems, who suspected them of acting as spies. Letters from these same persons were afterwards intercepted, declaring to the Russians that they would have helped them to enter the city much sooner, had not the English prevented their giving the proper information. One day, we were informed, the *kaim-makám* (lieutenant of the prince) warned the ambassador to caution the English to keep all their servants within doors, as every other Armenian was to be slain that night. Not only was the caution given, but English serjeants were stationed as sentinels at all the avenues to the Armenian quarter, to prevent the massacre, and the next day a promise was obtained from the *kaim-makám*, that they should not be touched. And yet they conducted themselves, after the entrance of the Russians, in such a manner, that, to avoid their insolence, was one reason why the English left the city."

The duplicity and deceit of the Persians are proverbial; and the following anecdote proves that the missionaries are not always on their guard against the tricks practised on their credulity:—

"Not many years since, a missionary, as he was passing through a city in Persia had an audience of the prince royal, and obtained from him, as he supposed, most liberal offers of patronage and support for a missionary school. But when we were at Tebriz, the khan, who acted as interpreter, boasted of having most egregiously deceived both. During a long conversation, he so perverted the remarks of each, in converting them from one language to the other, as to make the missionary propose to the prince a school for teaching only the language and the learning of the English, and argue in its favour, when in fact his proposal and his arguments were all religious, and to make the prince, with no more than such a mere literary institution in mind, approve most fully an attempt to give Persian children a Christian education, and promise to send his own sons. The missionary and the prince separated equally gratified, the one at having secured such high patronage for his benevolent projects, and the other at the literary prospects opening to his children; and the khan now amuses his friends by the relation of his dexterous duplicity."

The missionaries visited the remnant of the ancient Chaldean and Nestorian churches in northern Persia; they found the priests and people of both in a state of deplorable ignorance. We were greatly amused with the description given of a Chaldean wedding. After the bridegroom had paid a large dowry, and made considerable presents to all the relations of his bride, whose demands were anything but moderate, he was permitted to receive the lady into his house:—

"At the first sign of her coming, the bridegroom, who had remained at home, mounted his terrace with a few of his friends. As she drew near, one held a tray of fruit before him, and another poured goblets of wine down his throat, all shouting at every draught. A lump of butter was brought the bride, which she stuck upon the door-post as she entered, to signify that her coming brought plenty and fruitfulness to the house. The last of the demands made, in accordance with marriage customs here, upon the purse of the poor bridegroom, was now met by a promise to her of a new dress, before she would be seated. The court was immediately filled with a crowd of men and women, who continued dancing by torch-light, to the sound of music, until a late hour. The wine-jar was soon reported to be exhausted, although it had

contained about 150 bottles. Another of the same size was soon opened, and when we returned from Oormiah, ten days afterward, that too was empty. Tired of such carousals, we retired to our room and to sleep, leaving a request to be awaked to witness the marriage."

"We were called an hour after midnight, and hastened to the church, where it was to take place. The espoused parties came with no attendance. At the altar, the friend of the bridegroom and the bridemaid stood between them, and during the ceremony repeatedly whispered in the ear of each. They were once brought together for a moment to join hands; but the bride held back so resolutely, that the union was not effected without much persuasion, and even force. When together, they were observed to be more intent upon treading on each other's toes than upon joining hands; for you must know, that whichever had his toes well mashed at that critical moment, was to be obedient to the other through life. A ring was dipped in wine and water by the priest, and given to the bridegroom to be put by him upon the finger of the bride; and the ceremony was consummated by crowning the head of each with a garland. The communion ought to have been given them before leaving the church, and, as a preparation, they had actually been made to confess during the evening; but the priest declared that, after so much drinking and carousing, he would not administer it. Two attendants, with a cymbal and a bell, led the way from the church; the priest and deacon followed them, chanting from their books; and thus the married couple were conducted home."

The Russians seem to be more popular in north-eastern Persia than in their own Caucasian provinces; indeed, the Kurds seem anxious to receive them as masters:—

"As we passed along, an old Kurdish shepherd by the side of the path, cried out, 'Aha! you are just the men I have been wanting to see for a long time. Our governor here oppresses, beats, and kills us. This is Kúrdistán; the Kurds are many, and the *Kuzul-báshes* (Persians) are few. When are you coming to take the country and allow us a chance to beat and kill them?' He supposed we were Russians; and the inhabitants of a Kurdish village not far beyond, seemed equally glad to see us, and asked when we came from Eriván."

Our missionaries seem to entertain better hopes of the Nestorians than of any other division of Asiatic Christians.

A direct trade having been opened this year between the port of London and Trebizond, we shall extract the description of this ancient commercial mart. Its glories have faded since the time that it was the capital of an empire:—

"It is prettily situated along an open shore, at the foot of a hill, which rises behind and commands it, and intercepts the view of mountains at a distance. Hardly any remains of its ancient times appear, except perhaps the piers of a harbour, now used only for *kayiks* or small craft; and a distant view left us doubtful whether even they are anything but natural ledges of rocks just beneath the water. Its present walls, or at least a part of them along the coast, now in a falling state, probably date back to the times of the Comneni. Many of its inhabitants, especially the Christians, live without the walls, on the east; and numerous fruit-trees, among which their houses are interspersed and almost hidden, surround them with rural charms. The olive, grape, fig, and orange, find here a congenial climate; and the lemon too is cultivated with success, but does not come to maturity in the open air. From the warmth of the climate, fevers are not uncom-

mon in the autumn, but we did not learn that it is esteemed especially unhealthy. \* \* \*

"In trade, Trebizond has long since eclipsed its parent, Sinope, and all its sister ports along the coast. It is now the principal port on the southern shore of the Black Sea, and almost the only one visited by European vessels. Still its harbour is bad, and its trade small. Some vessels anchor here in an open road on the east, and others, for more security, stop at Plátana, some distance to the west. Six or eight European vessels only were in port when we were there, and that, I believe, was an unusual number. They all come from Constantinople, and bring little besides salt, and a few European goods for the Persian market. Having discharged these, they proceed to Redoot-kúlakh, Taganrog, Odessa, or elsewhere, for a return cargo, but rarely find one here. Native vessels, however, often sail directly for the capital. Of course, there is occasional communication with almost every important port in the Black Sea. Besides the English consul already mentioned, who adds to his official functions the employment of a merchant, there is also a consul for the French, and another for the Sardinian nations. Add to these the *attachés* of their consulates, and hardly another European resident is found in the place."

We now close this volume, regretting that sectarian prejudices are mixed up with the valuable information it contains, and trusting that the attention of less partial, but equally intelligent, travellers will be directed to the countries visited by the American missionaries.

*The Keepsake for 1835.* Edited by F. M. Reynolds. London: Longman & Co.

THIS Annual, always gay in its garb, elegant in its illustrations, and courtly in its contents, is this year as gay, as elegant, and as courtly as usual; but no more. It is, however, a fitting table-book for a lady's boudoir: though, to those who deal in graver matters, custom may have somewhat diminished their admiration for such highly-finished plates, and such high-born historiettes and lyrics, as form the greater part of its contents. Sir Thomas Lawrence's 'Lady Beresford' makes a queenly frontispiece to the volume; and Boxall's 'Novel' (but is it a novel that the fair dreamer holds in her hand, and is it *not* a letter?) is in his best manner. The gentleman in 'The Sledge,' would, we suspect, prove of Patagonian stature were he to rise, but the plate is a spirited one, and well accompanied by some lively *vers de société*, by Mr. E. Fitzgerald; Chalon's 'La Valière' is sumptuous in her sorrow, and the 'German Lovers' is a repetition from one of Retzsch's charming illustrations to Schiller's Song of the Bell. Cattermole's 'Lady Blanche' is sweet, and his 'Lord Surry and the Fair Geraldine' treated in his own picturesque way; though he has rather too strong a tendency towards shrouding beards and staring eyes for our taste. We have three subjects from the pencil of Miss Sharpe—'Gipsy Children caught in the Storm,' 'The Love Quarrel,' (painted for the agonizing scene in Ravenswood Hall, when the Master comes back just as Lucy has signed the contract), and 'The Widow,' illustrated with some feeling lines by Lady Blessington.

The letter-press is fully equal to the prose and verse, which this Annual has given us of later years. Mr. Bernal's 'Aunt Mansfield' is amusing; and Mrs. Gore and Mrs.

Shelley give us tales not unworthy of their well-founded reputations. 'The Ghost Story' also made us laugh, though we fancy we have read something very like it before. For extract, we shall give a few sweet and impassioned stanzas, from Mrs. Norton's poem, which illustrates Chalon's *La Valière*.

Once, once again, my weary footsteps come  
Slowly to seek the old accustomed spot;  
And my sad eyes are turn'd towards thy home,  
Thine—whence was ours—where I am now forgot!  
Where others gaze upon thy kindly brow—  
Where others hear that long familiar voice—  
Where young fair cheeks beneath thy praises glow—  
Greet thee with smiles, and while I weep rejoice—  
Nor dream of her, whom midnight's quiet star  
Still finds a lonely wretch—so near, and yet so far!  
So near, the well-known songs with lingering sound  
Float towards me on the wild inconstant breeze;  
Swelling and dying mournfully around,  
Or lost amid the dark and rustling trees.  
And while, with aching heart, I bend to weep,  
I glean from the rich harvest of their mirth—  
Laughter and music, mingling, as in sleep—  
Vague, scatter'd tones, that seem not of the Earth—  
Some wandering melody, without the words—  
Some burst of louder joy—my own harp's stricken  
chords!

Ah! didst thou know how desolate it seems  
To sit alone, where we two sat of yore,  
To let my weak heart wander forth in dreams,  
And then remember—I am loved no more!  
To hear those songs, like echoes of the past,  
Faintly repeat the tale of days long gone—  
(Spring days of joy and youth, which flew so fast,  
When music pleased thee from my voice alone),  
Then, though thy heart hath burst love's bonds in  
twain,

Thou couldst not bear to hear those happy songs again!  
I sit alone!—and not for hours or days  
(Though days apart seemed tedious to me then),  
But for long years of life!—that thought outweighs  
All other griefs,—all other sense of pain.  
I sit alone, when early morning breaks  
With spreading radiance o'er the brightening skies  
When the full harvest, where the ripe corn shakes,  
Golden and gleaming in the sunset lies;  
And when the wild bird wings its weary way  
Back to its welcome nest, where fades the lingering  
day.

Then comes my fever!—in the quiet night,  
When through the blue depth glides th' unconscious  
moon,  
For then the palace casement's glittering light  
Streams forth and tells me thou art not alone.  
Then come those memories of light words, which  
chance  
With love's own seal upon the heart hath set;  
Those sudden flashings of a careless glance—  
Those struggles to remember and forget:  
Those agonizing guesses where thou art—  
Whose voice is in thy ear—whose love is in thy heart.

We should also mention among the poetry, a fine fragment by Sir Aubrey de Vere, and Mr. Bernal's easy and pleasing 'December Carol.'

#### *Behr's Travels in the East of Europe.*

[Second Notice.]

HAVING given, as continuously as might be, the information afforded us by August von Behr, touching the Steppes, the Crimea, and Odessa, we now proceed to select a few miscellaneous extracts from the preceding and subsequent portions of the author's official journey;—and, first, from the first. Behr's road from Silesia led him through Galicia; and here, after various misadventures, he and his son had the good luck to meet at Wieliczka a large party of Russian generals and their ladies, to whom Prince Lichtenstein was about to do the honours of the salt-mines. This party they joined.

Visitors were formerly let down, and drawn up, through the shaft, by a rope fastened to a chain; but since the Emperor—a great technologist, an especial amateur and patron of all manufactures and mechanism—visited this mine some years ago, a staircase has been contrived, the steps being for the most part cut out of the salt-bed, and boarded over. \* \* \* After we were clad in miner's frocks, as a protection against the moisture of the salt

crystals, and provided with mine-lights, we began our journey in long lines. Ten staircases, each of three flights of nine steps—to wit, 270 steps—lead to the first story. \* \* \* The skilfully vaulted roofs of these immense halls—in working out which care is taken to leave as much of the salt rock as is necessary to support the arch—are magnificent; and the reflection of the mass of torches and miner's lamps, carried by a company of more than fifty persons, from the millions of salt crystals, produced a splendid effect, especially as the most interesting points were further illuminated by stationing there people with large pine-torches, and lighting small fires upon the lofty projections of the salt rock. The effect was indescribably grand and beautiful. A passage, by water, in the second story, is peculiarly interesting. The lake, which is pretty deep, winds through two immense rock caverns; and the effect of the boat, with its abundant lights, as it turned from the one cavern to the other, illuminating the dark walls, whose crystals sparkled like diamonds, was most striking.

Amongst the most remarkable points is a water-fall,† which, picturesquely beautiful, pours over a monstrous rock: this was duly lighted with pine-torches; and we, standing thirty fathoms below, upon the staircase beside the falling water, enjoyed a magnificent sight. \* \* \*

In the loftiest hall, a chandelier has been fashioned, and left in the proper place: it has an admirable effect. But what is most beautiful, is a chapel, with all its appurtenances—as, altar-piece, lights, flower-wreaths, images, &c., which may be really termed a work of art. \* \* \* It is only a pity that these works of art are so short-lived, dissolving away in a very few years. \* \* \* The greatest surprise still awaited us. By the directions, and at the expense of Prince Lichtenstein, what is called the ball-room, an immense oblong, very lofty, with polished walls and smoothed floor, was illuminated with coloured lamps, and adorned with transparencies, that had been used at the time of the Emperor's visit. \* \* \*

To amuse the ladies, and show how the horses here employed are brought in and taken away—though many are born and die in this subterranean region, without having ever seen daylight—a fine young grey undertook an aerial excursion. All over secured with girths, that met over his back in a central point, into which a hook was inserted, he was raised by a rope attached to a windlass that we saw at a dizzy height, perpendicularly over our heads. The poor animal, as he felt himself forcibly lifted, struggled hard to keep his hold of the ground, and, upon first losing it, pawed and kicked with all four feet; but almost immediately, as though instinctively perceiving the danger to which his struggles would expose him, he resigned himself to his fate—did not move a limb, but hung as if dead. \* \* \*

These halls are in number more than a hundred. \* \* \* The number of the workmen, with their superintendents, &c., exceeds a thousand; and the yearly sale of salt—which is divided into four sorts, the crystal-clear, in veins, and the greenish, grey, and black, in layers—amounts to upwards of a million and a half of hundred weight.

When the writer had discharged all his duties at the Anhalt colony in the Steppes, Ascania Nova, his official duties summoned him to Petersburg; but finding that, for some unexplained reason, he had a few weeks, or rather days, at his own disposal, he resolved to indulge himself and his son with a peep at Turkey. They accordingly

† It is a peculiarity of these mines, that the water in their subterranean lakes, situated amidst salt rocks, is fresh.



embarked at Odessa, in a Genoese vessel, bound for Constantinople. For our traveller's description of the beauties of the Bosphorus, which he likens, but prefers, to those of the Rhine, we cannot make room, but must at once reach Buyakdere.

Here, and in the adjacent Therapia, now reside the whole *corps diplomatique*, with their dragomans and dependents—the Austrian intendant's, whose hotel is in Galata, alone excepted. The ambassadors have been compelled to inhabit these, their summer retreats, the winter through, since the great fire, which last year annihilated Pera, burning down more than 12,000 houses, robbed them of their splendid hotels. Many noble Greek families likewise reside here; as that of the Princess Maurocordato, for whom I had letters and presents (from a son studying at Berlin). . . .

This amiable family, a mother and four beautiful accomplished daughters, so eagerly and cordially pressed us to take up our abode with them, that we could not, and indeed would not, refuse. Nothing could be more welcome than this invitation; for we knew not where to go. Inns there are none here, any more than at Constantinople, where the only inn, kept by an Italian, at Pera, is likewise burnt. . . . The princess and her daughters inhabited a very spacious house, with balconies, close upon the sea. . . . They were all highly accomplished, very musical, spoke French fluently; and a brother of the princess, a handsome man, still in his prime, who dwelt in the house, with two young men, her sons-in-law, who went and came, completed the circle, now amounting to ten persons, of both sexes.

The gardens of Buyakdere and Therapia display all the luxuriance of southern vegetation. The glow of the roses, the aromatic effluvia of orange-flowers and jessamines, which actually filled the air; a thousand splendidly flowering shrubs and plants, unknown to us even by name; thickets of blossoming myrtles and laurels; tall and branchy oleanders, in all their pomp, and interspersed gigantic cypresses, with their dark shade, made a Paradise of these gardens. . . . The rows of houses, of Buyakdere, and of all the villages, hamlets, and towns, upon the Bosphorus, are ranged along a narrow filthy street, close to the sea-shore, but which it is best not to look at. . . . But the finest sight was the noble gulf,—here resembling an immense lake, for no issue was perceptible. The walk on the quay, along the houses of the diplomatists, who, enjoying the view of the sea, have built themselves pavilions and bath-houses out in the sea, is unparalleled. . . .

On Ascension-day an excursion was proposed to Biograd, the central point of the great reservoir, that, through aqueducts of miles in length, supplies Constantinople with fresh water. . . . Our party was joined by other friendly families. Early in the morning three large gaudily-painted waggons, harnessed with teams of oxen, whose yokes were covered with ribbons and tassels, were at the door. The waggons themselves were decked out with *tricolor* ribbons and ornaments; so that the whole looked cheerful and gay, if not very convenient, for of springs there were no symptoms. After quantities of provisions, in great baskets, had been stowed in one wagon, cushions and carpets were laid in the other two; and the ladies, in picturesque attitudes, half sitting, half lying, took their places upon them. This is the only way in which ladies can move, unless they choose to be carried in litters and palanquins. . . . We, men, mounted spirited little horses. . . . The great works of the several aqueducts that convey the water from the three principal reservoirs about Biograd, are admirably colossal, and seem built for eternity.

. . . We walked to a deep lake, formed by a stream that superabundantly supplies one of the reservoirs. The reservoir itself is of marble—a magnificent work. . . . Many parties of Franks and Greeks were encamped on pretty spots in the wood, or upon the banks of the lake; the gentlemen enjoying themselves before a battery of bottles, whilst the ladies cooked the fish they had caught. . . .

Our servants had brought all the cushions from the waggons. Wine and liqueurs, with sherbet, lemonade, and other cooling drinks, were handed round. A large carpet was spread upon the turf, covered with a snow-white cloth, and loaded with all sorts of hot and cold dishes. . . . I knew not what it meant when I saw a mass of green boughs, just broken from the overshadowing trees, heaped up on the middle of the table-cloth, and stared not a little when a sheep, roasted whole, with his head and legs, was placed on the pile. Great pieces were carved and served round, but for the most part remained untouched, more delicate viands being preferred. Such a colossal *rôti* is, according to Greek custom, essential to a banquet. Our servants, with all the bullock-drivers and horse-boys, could consume but a part of our leavings; and only the neighbouring villagers, who, anticipating this conclusion, had come in a body as spectators, and to whom all was made over, could accomplish the feat.

After a few days spent amidst the pleasures of Buyakdere, our travellers proceeded to Constantinople; where, although they remained scarcely more than eight and forty hours, fear of the plague, and surfeiting at a *fast*, afforded them divers adventures, some of which would not peculiarly interest our readers. Two, however, are worth extracting. Father and son were bent upon seeing the Sultan, and managed to arrive on the morning of a Friday—

On which day, the Sultan, as a true believer, leaves his palace at noon, and rides to a neighbouring mosque, there to perform his devotions. . . . The only difficulty is to know in which of his many palaces, and he has upwards of thirty in and about Constantinople, he has slept; for he passes the night now in one, now in another, and the one he has selected can never be ascertained until late the following morning. We sent out spies, promised large rewards, and were lucky enough to learn that he had passed the night in his castle at Tophana, on the sea-shore.

Thither they hastened, and waited patiently for an hour, under a broiling sun.

The time did not seem long. . . . We were chiefly amused by the guards, in their new European uniforms. Discipline did not appear to be particularly strict amongst them. They would give their muskets to the care of a neighbour, leave their ranks for an indefinite time, drink sherbet and iced water, or eat bread, at their own discretion. Some little discrepancy was also observable between their lower limbs and their uniforms; as many had retained their yellow slippers, and almost all were bare-legged. Many dealers in cool drinks, bread, and cakes, were driving a good trade, finding not a few customers besides the soldiers. . . . At length, a commotion amongst the people, and yet more, the appearance of a messenger, with a great stick, followed by the commander-in-chief, the hurrying into place of the guards, and the presenting of arms, indicated the approach of the Sultan. The golden gates unfolded, and a pompous train moved forth. It was opened by a division of horse-guards; then came the chief officers of the household, in rich Oriental attire; after them the Sultan's saddle-horses, fine Arabians of the noblest race, but something over fat, led by two grooms

each; the bridles and housings of the animals were wrought with gold and silver, and set with jewels. They were followed by court attendants, state officials, and the great dignitaries of the empire, in splendid dresses, some on foot, some on horseback. Last appeared the Sultan, on horseback, escorted by another division of the guard. The whole foot-guard, which had hitherto stood under arms, and saluted in the true European fashion, now fell in; and the whole train set forward to the nearest mosque. . . . The Sultan sat calmly and majestically upon his fine Arab. . . . His face is pale, but full of expression and dignity; it is graced with a handsome, round, black beard. He is like the prints we have of him, but begins to show age. His dress was not brilliant, but of the national costume: a large, plain, green *caftan* enveloped him; a white and coloured turban covered his head; he had yellow boots, gold stirrups, and a mighty sabre, richly set with jewels, and fastened to his girdle, hung low down on his left side. He held the bridle carelessly; and, with these sagacious, well-trained horses, that seem one with their rider, understanding his every word, the bride may indeed be superfluous. We bowed respectfully, taking off our hats; a gracious inclination of the head, and wave of the hand, thanked us. Few of the crowd prostrated themselves after the Turkish fashion: many made European bows; the most folded their arms, after touching their mouths and foreheads, and bent their bodies.

Leaving the Sultan, our travellers visited the old original *Porte*, where the ministers have their offices.

We walked about the great halls, with inland and matted floors, after having pulled off our boots—an awkward business; for, not being provided, like the Turks, with soft yellow slippers within the boots, our stocking-feet, soiled by the boots, made a sorry appearance. We were still laughing at each other, when the folding doors were thrown open, and a mass of people rushed in, to hear judgment pronounced. "In with them!" exclaimed our *cicerone*; "such an opportunity does not recur." We pressed through, and stood in the inner room of the Grand Vizier, a bearded, respectable, spectacle-wearing personage, who, seated in an easy chair, observed the motley crowd, whilst a sort of secretary read aloud the judgments pronounced, from which there was no appeal. The worthy minister did not, however, long indulge us in looking and listening,—a pleasure, indeed, small enough, as we understood nothing, and could only endeavour, as good physiognomists, to discover the favourable or unfavourable verdict from the countenances of the parties. The Frank dogs, with their dirty stockings, amongst the honourable, faithful Moslems, probably caught the Grand Vizier's eye: he waved his hand, and we were civilly given to understand, by signs, that we had no business there.

From Constantinople our travellers were hurried rather sooner than they had proposed, in order to take advantage of that rare occurrence, a favourable wind for returning northward through the Bosphorus; and from Odessa they made the best of their way to Petersburg. We find little of interest in their rapid progress through Russia, except the account of Moscow, as it has risen, much changed, from its glorious ashes. In that ancient capital of the Czars they spent some days. One of the first things that surprised Herr von Behr, was the wealth he found in the Coronation church in the Kremlin:—

Enormous treasures in gold, silver, and jewels. . . . "How happens it," I inquired,

"that these treasures are still here, after the French invasion?—could you carry away all?" "We carried away much," was the answer; "but what we could not remove—what fell into French hands, returned to the rightful owner. The Cossacks recovered it at Beresina and Wilna, and were far too religious not to restore church treasures, though they made no scruple of retaining private property." \* \* \*

He who saw Moscow before 1812, would scarcely recognize it. Then wooden huts adjoined palaces—the most abject poverty, the greatest opulence; its aspect was then more extraordinary, more Oriental. Now you merely see the finest capital of Europe: new stone houses, built in the most modern style; wide streets, spacious squares; the ground floor almost uniformly occupied by shops, with some German, very few French, and mostly Russian fascias.† *Restaurateurs*, coffee-houses, billiard-tables, *coiffeurs*, everywhere,—one might fancy oneself at Paris, did not the multitude of churches—upwards of 300—of all sorts, some in pure Oriental taste, with turban-shaped domes, seemingly wound round with copper, coloured green, gold, red, or blue, remind us that we are in the regenerated metropolis of the old Czars. No traces of French destruction are perceptible. \* \* \*

One of the peculiar beauties and conveniences of Moscow is the great *gastinoi-dvor* (sale-house), opposite the Kremlin. \* \* \* Here, from ten o'clock till four, assemble all who want to buy or to gaze. The throng is immense, and the large streets and squares in the neighbourhood are crowded with equipages of every description. Here, in long, covered, stone galleries, protected from rain and wind, and lighted by glass skylights, one may purchase whatever can be desired or thought of, and that cheap, from the great competition. Here are likewise *restaurateurs*, coffee-houses, and refreshment stalls, offering excellent cool beverages, prepared from various sorts of fruits. But a stranger is quickly bewildered, and will do well to take a guide, or he may run himself to death ere he finds what he wants; whole streets being occupied by one sort of merchandise, which, if it affords the purchaser ample choice, makes it difficult to find the specific article sought. \* \* \*

In Moscow one must adopt a new measure of distances. I asked for an acquaintance, and was answered, "He lives in this very street;" but I drove three miles before I reached his house. \* \* \*

At Moscow reside such of the high nobility as are not confined to Petersburg by official duties. \* \* \* The hospitality formerly exercised here was not merely Oriental—it passed all ordinary bounds. \* \* \* There were houses where not only every stranger once introduced had a general invitation to dinner, where actual open house was constantly kept, but where, further, once a week the great park was thrown open, every decently dressed person admitted, often to the number of 2 or 3000, and all were hospitably entertained. In the gardens, bands of music were stationed; in the apartments there was dancing, play, &c. \* \* \* Most families had become embarrassed. And now came the conflagration; everything was lost; everything had to be procured anew. The houses were rebuilt, larger and more magnificent than before; but most families, deep in debt, are ruined.

Moscow is thus externally more magnificent than it was; but its internal splendours are lost, and it would be an indigent town, but for the manufactures newly established there, which have given it a new and different impulse.

† Is it necessary to explain that this is the technical name of the board over a shop, announcing its nature and its owner's name?

The place now abounds with German manufacturers and tradesmen.

Petersburgh has been so often described, and is now so well known, together with the domestic and simple habits of the present Emperor and Empress, that we find nothing new in the large portion of Behr's second volume devoted to this Imperial residence. We are more tempted by the little-known island of Rügen; but of this a few words may suffice:—

Here the resident wealthy Prince has, within the last twenty-five years, founded a most delightful sea-bathing place, with neat houses, excellent baths, theatre, &c.

But the great charm of this bathing-place is the beautiful park that surrounds as well the town as the old castle, now improved with great taste, and converted into a tasteful modern palace.

This park, as also the Prince's fruit and flower garden, aviary, menagerie, &c., are open to the public. But the chief attraction of Putbus (the queer name of the Rügen bathing-place, now, we are told, highly fashionable in the north of Germany,) lies in the rides about this strange island, which seems to be formed by a tiny archipelago, all connected with one centre island by long, narrow necks of land; thus offering a multiplicity of bold projecting points, and of sheltered bays. One of these bays is the lake, celebrated in pagan times, wherein the awful goddess Hertha was annually bathed; and the devoted attendants upon her priests, who had officiated as her bathers, were forthwith drowned. Its description shows it well chosen for such rites; and with it we conclude:—

The *Herthaburg* is an immense, high and thick wall of earth, surrounded and covered with moss-grown beeches; before it lies the equally round, somewhat larger, black-looking *Hertha* sea, or lake, encircled with firs and beeches, lonely and gloomy. The water is said to be unfathomable. \* \* \* It is encircled by high woody hills, and no outlet is perceptible.

*The North American Review*, No. LXXXV. October, 1834. Boston (U.S.): Bowen; London, Kennett.

WE have often, on previous occasions, recommended that one or other of the leading American periodicals should be taken in by every literary institution and reading society. We are still too *insular* in our tastes; and great is the benefit which we lose by not opening our doors more widely to the minds of foreign lands. Were we to hold more full and unprejudiced communication with these, our own spirits would be amazingly freshened; our thoughts would be directed into channels wherein they have never flowed before, and our labours be rewarded by the discovery of mines of new treasure.

Commending thus heartily, as we have always done, the *Reviews of America* to the notice of our English readers, we are induced to notice the October number of the periodical before us, in a yet more particular manner. It contains many good articles: one upon Coleridge—another upon Italian Drama—two (more national in subject than the above,) on the diplomatic Correspondence of the United States of America, and the Washington Papers—and a third (the *first* of the number), upon American Periodical Literature, from which we shall extract the principal

facts, with as few connecting words of our own as possible.

After a preliminary paragraph or two—"Recent as is the origin of periodical literature with us Americans, (says the writer of the article,) we are not herein very much behind the rest of the world. The fact, on its first statement, may excite surprise, accustomed as we are to a different way of doing such things; but sure it is, that every political revolution, from the beginning of time down to the movement which subsided into the English Commonwealth, was somehow effected without so much as the help of newspapers. The first thing of the sort is said to have been issued at Venice, in the year 1531; that is, ninety years before the Plymouth settlers came over. \* \* \* The first English periodical of the kind is said to date from 1588, when the Spanish Armada was in the channel. There was no other for about twenty-five years, when they began to multiply. \* \* \*

"France was a little later than England in respect to newspapers, the first having been set up in that kingdom in 1631; and the rest of the continent of Europe later yet."

An enumeration of the principal English and French periodicals of those early days is given, and the history proceeds thus:—

"Printing, which had been earlier practised in other parts of the continent, that is, in Peru and Mexico, was introduced into the English colonies as early as 1639, when, as the ancient records of the college mention, Mr. Joss or Jesse Glover, gave to the college 'a fount of Printing Letters,' and some gentlemen of Amsterdam 'gave towards furnishing of a Printing Press with letters, forty-nine pounds and something more.' The college employed their press under the management of Stephen Daye, a rather incompetent person, as appears, for about ten years, at the end of which time it was placed under the care of Samuel Green. It was thirty-five years after its appearance at Cambridge, before the art had proceeded as far as Boston; and fifty years before its coming to Philadelphia, which was the next step. In all this time, and indeed for many years more, the invention of newspapers, of which, as we observed, there is no trace whatever, even in the parent country, till within about thirty years of the landing at Plymouth, had not been adopted. \* \* \*

"The publication of the first newspaper in these colonies, in fact, began about the same time with the first Scottish Gazette, in the year 1704. It was called 'The Boston News-Letter, published by authority.' \* \* \* The printer was Bartholomew Green, son of Samuel, whom we have mentioned as printer to the college; a person of consideration, and several years a deacon of the Old South Church. Among other subjects of commendation urged in his obituary, is his 'caution of publishing anything offensive, light, or hurtful.' The proprietor, however, for the first eighteen years, was John Campbell, a Scotchman by birth, the postmaster of the town, whose office, without supposing it to have exercised, in him, the sharp intuition of his countrywoman, the post-mistress of St. Ronan's Well, naturally gave him the freest access to intelligence useful to his work. At the end of eighteen years it fell into the hands of Green, and by him and his successors was continued till the evacuation of Boston by the British troops in 1776, being in later years the organ of the Tory party, and the only paper continued in Boston through the siege.

"William Brooker, being appointed Campbell's successor in the post office, resolved to turn his official advantage to a similar account, and accordingly, Dec. 21st, 1719, set up the second newspaper in the colonies, called the Boston Gazette, employing James Franklin for his printer. In two or three months after, Brooker, in his turn, was superseded by Philip Mudge, who



who accordingly coming into possession of the newspaper, gave the printing of it to Samuel Kneeland, a former apprentice of Green, who issued it for eight years. \* \*

"At the end of this term, a new postmaster, coming into possession of the Gazette, naturally looked to his own line of patronage in the way of printing; and Kneeland, experiencing the common lot of dependents on the great, and thrown again upon his own resources by a like turn in the wheel to that on which he had risen, indemnified himself by setting up the New England Journal on his private account."

This Journal, with some changes, was carried on till the year 1752.

"Meanwhile, there had been a great episode in the newspaper history; great, as the event connects itself with an immortal name. The first number of the New England Courant, the third journal in Boston, which was continued but six years, was issued August 17th, 1721, by James Franklin, who, as was mentioned above, had been previously employed a short time in printing the Gazette. The two first papers had helped each other, for the News Letter languished till the Gazette was set up, and never languished after. But the profits of collision have a limit; and in order to get forward under the disadvantages of so undue a competition, as that of two other newspapers in such a village, it was needful to strike some new and bold stroke for popularity. Franklin took the obvious course of free and offensive comment on the respected men and opinions of the day. \* \* He was aided in his editorial labours by a society called by moderate people, the 'Free-thinkers,' and qualified by others with the less euphonious appellation of 'the Hell-fire Club.' But the master-spirit in the Courant's better days was Franklin's brother Benjamin, then a boy apprenticed in the office. The paper provoked the severe displeasure of the clergy and the government, which the latter did not fail to manifest in the processes of legislative and judicial action. All this it might have continued, with good management and a portion of the popular favour, to brave or evade, and thrive upon, but Franklin was indiscreet enough to quarrel with his brother; and with his elopement to Philadelphia, the glory departed from the Courant, and its weak life soon expired. After Benjamin had abstracted himself, the Courant continued to be published in his name, as it had been for some time before—though he was a minor—in consequence of an order of the General Court forbidding its publication on the part of James.

"Four years after the Courant had come to its end, the Weekly Rehearsal was set on foot by the famous Jeremy Gridley, afterwards attorney general of Massachusetts Bay, then a young lawyer of brilliant promise. At the end of a year he wearied of the work, on which he had expended much classical lore, and the labour of weekly essays full of sense and entertainment; and it went into the hands of Thomas Fleet, an Englishman by birth, and a printer by trade, who had brought himself into trouble in London by his antipathy to the high church party, manifested in a studied affront to the procession in honour of Dr. Sacheverel. \* \* Fleet was a humorist—a man of talent and energy, and possessing uncommon resources, in his mind and experience, for his present undertaking. His satire was generally good-natured, and always free and copious. He fully preserved the latter strain, and somewhat abandoned the former, in an attack on Whitefield, then at the height of his popularity. For some unexplained reason he changed the name of the Rehearsal, after printing it about two years, to that of the Boston Evening Post. This he continued thirteen years longer, to the time of his death, and it was undoubtedly much the best paper of its time. It

was brought down by his two sons to the month of the Lexington battle.

"Before the year 1750, only two newspapers, in addition to what have been mentioned, were established in Boston—the Weekly Post Boy in 1734, and the Independent Advertiser in 1748. The first, which was continued about twenty years, was, like others before, established by a postmaster; that official, it would seem, in our ancient times, not being expected, more than an aspiring statesman in the modern, to be without a paper of his own. The latter, set up in 1748, was, through its short life of two years, of political importance; and, among other leading names in the whig circles, is said to have had Samuel Adams for one of its contributors.

"The two first newspapers in the colonies, out of Boston, were the American Weekly Mercury, printed in Philadelphia by Andrew Bradford, begun Dec. 22nd, 1719, and the New York Gazette by William Bradford, dating from Oct. 16th, 1728. Up to the year 1750, besides the seven Boston papers already spoken of, the whole number undertaken in British America was thirteen, viz. the Rhode Island Gazette, begun in Newport in 1732; in New York, the New York Gazette, already mentioned, and three others; in Pennsylvania, the American Weekly Mercury, mentioned before—the Pennsylvania Gazette, purchased by Franklin in 1729, within a year after its establishment, and conducted by him for thirty years—and two others, one in German; the Maryland Gazette, published at Annapolis, and dating from 1728; the Virginia Gazette, from 1736; and two successive South Carolina Gazettes, at Charleston, from 1731 and 1734.

"In the excited times which followed the year 1750, the French war then about coming on, and afterwards the disputes which eventuated in the revolutionary struggle, the number of newspapers increased with comparative rapidity. We shall not undertake to follow their history further; but before leaving this part of our subject, will select a few facts illustrative of similarity or difference between their remote and their recent relations to the community which they illuminated, and partially of the taste, resources, manners, and feelings of the times.

"The first papers were commonly printed on a half sheet of pot paper. Occasionally, when there was a special press of matter, like what now calls for a supplement, a whole sheet was used. Sometimes they were printed in folio, sometimes in quarto, no scrupulous regard being had to the convenience of binding. The News-Letter introduced itself with an advertisement as follows:—

"This News-letter is to be continued weekly; and all persons who have any Houses, Lands, Tenements, Farms, Ships, Vessels, Goods, Wares, or Merchandizes, &c., to be sold or let, or servants runaway, or goods stole or lost, may have the same inserted at a reasonable rate, from twelve pence to five shillings, and not to exceed, who may agree with Nicholas Boune for the same at his shop next door to Major Davis', apothecary in Boston, near the Old Meeting House. All persons in town and country may have said News-letter weekly upon reasonable terms, agreeing with John Campbell, postmaster of New England, at Boston, for the same."

"There were only four or five post-offices at this time in British America. There was one advertisement in the News-letter's first number, and two in the second."

After some time, Campbell "found it impossible," as he states, "to carry on all the public news of Europe with half a sheet a week," and therefore enlarged his paper by giving an occasional sheet. The increasing avidity for news might suggest this; and really, from his own statement, it is not ex-

traordinary that, if his customers desired to have news at all, they should be pleased with the change. He announces some months after that it had been successful. "He has printed every other week a sheet, whereby that which seemed old in the former half sheets becomes new now by the sheet, which is easy to be seen by any one who will be at the pains to trace back former years, and even this time twelve months; we were then thirteen months behind with our foreign news, beyond Great Britain, now less than five months, so that by the sheet we have retrieved about eight months since January last."

Another project is thus set forth:—

"If he does not print a sheet every other week this winter time, he designs to make it up in the spring, when ships do arrive from Great Britain. And for the advantage of the post-office, an entire sheet of paper, one half with the news, and the other half good writing paper to write their letter on, may also be had there for every one that pleases to have it every Monday."

"This latter scheme seems to have been the postmaster's honorarium to the editor's patrons, in the way of charging their letters with only newspaper postage.

"Campbell skirmished with the Gazette, on its first demonstration of poaching on his manor; but it treated him rather magnanimously, and he soon had the sense to see that it rather multiplied than divided patronage. His sore trial was in the institution of Franklin's Courant, whose heavy hand was against every man's."

The News-Letter, upon Campbell's death, at the age of seventy-five, fell into the hands of one Green; and we are told "assumed and preserved a more temperate and conciliating tone."

From newspapers we come to periodicals.

"Of periodical literature, in our country, in its less ephemeral forms, we find, as might be expected, very little, before the Revolution. The Boston Weekly Magazine, which appeared March 2nd, 1743, on a half sheet octavo, reached only its fourth week. The Christian History, also issued once a week, and in the same form, was originated by the revival under Whitefield and his associates, and was continued from 1743 to 1745. The American Magazine and Historical Chronicle was of more pretension and longevity. It was issued monthly for more than three years from 1743, consisting of fifty octavo pages, edited by Jeremy Gridley, after his retirement from the Rehearsal. The New England Magazine of Knowledge and Pleasure, containing sixty pages, 12mo., did not survive, in 1758, its fourth monthly number. \* \*

"The Royal American Magazine, by the veteran Isaiah Thomas, began the year 1774; but the times were not auspicious to works of that character, and it languished but a year. There was a monthly magazine printed at Woodbridge in New Jersey, for two years, from 1758, under the title of the New American Magazine. It had honourable supervision, its editor, Samuel Nevil, being Judge of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, Speaker of the House of Assembly, and Mayor of Amboy. Besides this, and the Boston works, there was no other attempt of the kind before the Revolution, except the following in Pennsylvania. The American Magazine, or Monthly View of the British Colonies, which merely breathed to expire in 1741. The General Magazine, by Franklin, nearly contemporaneous with that just mentioned, which owed its birth to some discontent of Franklin at not being admitted into the partnership of the former, and which scarcely outlived the object of its animosity. The American Magazine, by a society of gentlemen, 'veritatis cultores, fraudis inimici,' who, in 1757, found only a three months' market

for their commodity. The American Magazine, of a year's continuance, through 1769, to which were subjoined the transactions of the American Philosophical Society, Nichola, a Frenchman, its editor, being an academician. The Royal Spiritual Magazine, or Christian's Grand Treasury, issued through some months of 1771. And finally, the Pennsylvania Magazine, begun with the year 1775, by Robert Aitken, a work which owed its celebrity, which continued till the hot martial times, mainly to frequent contributions of Thomas Paine. \* \*

"If this enumeration is complete, which, of course, we would not affirm it to be, twelve periodicals, of a class above newspapers, had been set on foot before the Revolution, in British America: viz., five in Boston, one in New Jersey, and six in Philadelphia. No one of them, however, survived that great political shock, nor was the aspect of the remaining quarter of that century upon such enterprises much more benign. Having led this form of literature forth from its cradle, it would hardly be worth our while to proceed with it step by step in its leading-strings; and we know of nothing of the sort, within the period in question, which exerted any particular influence, marked any memorable progress, attracted any distinguished notice, or on any account demands now special commemoration. \* \*

"The present century opened more auspiciously to this cause, the first number of the famous Portfolio having been published on the third day of January, 1801. Many of our readers remember the interest with which its eight quarto pages used to be unfolded in its earlier and best days, when, having been issued in Philadelphia on Saturday, it arrived in Boston with the speed of the mail, on the second following Sunday morning. Joseph Dennie was undoubtedly a person of brilliant qualities, and, both in society and in his writings, of uncommon fascination."

A long character of Dennie is given, after which we come to a name more familiar to English ears.

"Brown, another of our great early names in elegant literature,—early with us, though first bruited within half a century,—and a name with claims to commemoration at least more solid and elaborate, had meanwhile added to his high consideration by his novels of Edgar Huntly, Clara Howard, and Jane Talbot, and on the strength of the reputation which these won for him, set up, in 1803, the Literary Magazine and American Register; and in 1806, an Annual Register; the gravest periodical enterprise, this latter, which the country had yet witnessed. He carried it through five volumes, and the former work through eight, conducting the two together, besides occasional contributions to the Portfolio and other works, with most praiseworthy industry, distinguished and various talent, and a very sober, enlightened, and generous spirit. The last volume of the Register was issued but a few weeks before his death."

And as we come still nearer our own times, we have the mention of a literary *olla*, in which Irving made, we believe, his *début* as a writer.

"Salmagundi, there is of course no describing. But we, who are old enough, \* cannot but remember such things were, and were most dear to us.' To its contemporaries, its name is its history. To speak it, is to evoke the spirits of the crowd of bright fancies which it stood for, and make them rush again in their motley, if now sad procession, through the mind. Unfortunates, who were not its contemporaries, if they will not read its own five hundred 18mo. pages, may do the next best thing by conning its fifty fruitful pages of index. It began and ended with 1807. \* \*

"But, though thus, from the starting-point of the century, seduced away to the South by the

mention of the Portfolio, it is time for us to be again at our own home, where the press meanwhile had not been rusting. Phineas Adams, who was graduated at Cambridge in 1793 or 1801, being engaged in teaching at Boston, in 1803, issued in November of that year, from the press of E. Lincoln, under the editorial name of Sylvanus Per-se, the first number of the Monthly Anthology, consisting of forty-eight pages octavo. He is understood to have been aided by Rev. Dr. Channing, and his distinguished and lamented elder brother. \* \* The seventh number was issued by Munroe and Francis, under the editorship of the Rev. Mr. Emerson, of the First Church, though without his name, the change being noticed only in general terms. \* \*

"Mr. Emerson had associated with himself some literary friends, enabling him to announce his work as 'conducted by a society of gentlemen.' This was the beginning of the famous Anthology Club. Its resident members met weekly in the evening, to arrange the matter for the coming number, and enjoy each others' society. The records of these meetings, which have been preserved, are sure to be objects hereafter,—they are objects already,—of a stronger interest than that of curiosity."

"Though there was a most honorable uniformity in the principles of criticism maintained in the Anthology, there was, as was to be expected, and indeed desired, no great uniformity of matter in its pages, where the talents and tastes of contributors were so various; nor any great uniformity of merit, where all had other objects, which, sometimes more, sometimes less, drew them away from this. But there are jewels of speculation, criticism, and taste, scattered with no grudging hand over its pages. They wrote as convenience allowed, fancy prompted, or some serious occasion dictated, as of course they wrote gratuitously, the income of their work never so much as defraying the charge of their meetings. The literary taste and spirit which they animated in each other, and the feeling for letters which they excited in this community, have produced and are producing very palpable and increasingly important results. And they erected one monument to their association, far more durable than their work, or any interest directly attaching to it. The Boston Athenæum was first the Anthology Reading Room. Mr. Shaw, long afterwards its devoted and indefatigable patron, first proposed the plan. Several members of the club, among whom the Rev. Dr. Gardiner is particularly commemorated, gave books; the number was increased by contributions of other public-spirited individuals; and the collection was first deposited in a room on Pemberton's hill. When it became too large to find accommodation there, it was removed, we think about 1812, to a house in Tremont Street, next north of King's Chapel cemetery, and lastly, about ten years ago, to the establishment provided for it in Pearl Street by the munificence of Mr. Perkins."

"On late works of note among us, we shall, for obvious reasons, forbear from particular comment."

The reasons which influenced the American editors to give us a mere outline of the history of the periodical literature from that period to the present, induce us to close our abstract, which we conclude with this summary:—

"We will add only some brief statements, touching the comparative amount of periodical publication at different periods of our history. In the year 1750, four newspapers only were issued in New England, all of them in Boston, and seven in the other colonies, viz., two in New York, three in Pennsylvania, one in Virginia, and one in South Carolina. In 1775, there were seven in Massachusetts, one in New Hampshire, two in Rhode Island, and three in Connecticut,

(thirteen in all New England,) three in New York, eight in Pennsylvania, two in Maryland, two in Virginia, two in North Carolina, three in South Carolina, and one in Georgia; making twenty-one in all, in the Southern provinces, and thirty-four in the territory of the now United States. Soon after the Revolution war, daily papers, instead of weekly as heretofore, were introduced in Philadelphia and New York; but we had none here till so late as 1813. In 1800, according to Thomas, at least one hundred and fifty newspapers were printed in the United States; and in 1810, three hundred and fifty, already nearly half as many again as in the British islands. The same writer computed the number of single papers, then annually issued here, at twenty-two millions and a half. A French document, inserted in the American Almanac of the current year, gives the number of newspapers in the United States at eight hundred and forty; while all Europe has only a little over two thousand; all Asia but twenty-seven; Great Britain four hundred and eighty; Austria and Russia each eighty; and Spain but twelve; making in the United States a newspaper for less than every fourteen thousand souls; in Europe, one for every hundred and six thousand souls; and in Asia one for every fourteen millions; or a thousand times as many, in proportion to the population, in our country, as in the latter continent. The learned editor, however, of the Almanac, reckons the number of our newspapers last year at not less than twelve hundred; the number in Massachusetts alone having reached a hundred, including forty-three in Boston. The other periodical literature in Boston, last year, was diffused through no less than forty-seven publications, viz. three semi-monthly, twenty-two monthly, five two-monthly, seven quarterly, one semi-annual, and nine annual, including six almanacs. We have heard it confidently stated, in a highly trustworthy quarter, that apart from newspapers and religious magazines, the periodical publications of this city exceed the sum of those of the rest of the country. But we cannot ourselves vouch for the fact."

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*Octavia Elphinstone, a Maux Story; and Lois, a Drama, founded on a legend in the noble family of —, by Miss Anne Tallant.*—Of all places trodden by the feet of tourists, and the contrivers of fictions, we have often thought that few offered a fairer field for the novelist than the Isle of Man, whether we look at it as one of the strongholds in which credulity and superstition still linger on in decrepitude, or as a place of meeting for all the odds and ends of society. Of these rich and comparatively unexplored materials, Miss Tallant has not availed herself, as she might have done; her story, it is true, does hinge upon an incident, which could alone happen in a place where laws and forms hold a loose rein; but its chief interest, instead of arising from the adventures of the ruined, the reckless, and the eccentric, who take up their abode in that region of cheap cards and wine which pays no duty, lies in the tracing of the waywardness of a woman's heart, and its gradual change from the likeness of a comet, to one of those placid fixed stars, which throw so beautiful a light over domestic life. The authoress has fulfilled her task with delicacy, and made the agent of such a change (a lover, of course) as little formal and unprepossessing as a Lord Townly can be. The story is told by a confidante of the heroine; who is herself a pleasant, discreet, and lovable person, and finds a husband as well as her friend, which is just as it should be. Miss Tallant is less successful in her drama than in her tale.

*'The Collected Poems of the late H. T. Carrington, Edited by his Son. 2 vols.'*—Mr. Car-

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rington was a lover of nature, and delighted to pour forth the overflowing of his heart in verse; his 'Dartmoor' was favourably received by the public, and many of his minor poems have a local fame. It is a graceful and becoming thing in his son, thus to collect them together; and we may add, that he has introduced them with a brief biographical notice, written with modesty and feeling.

'*The Governour*.'—This work was originally published by Sir T. Eliot, in the reign of Henry VIII., and is now republished by one of his descendants, in the hope that it will produce beneficial results "in times like the present, rife, as they are said to be, with anarchy, and a seditious spirit of turbulent democracy." These benevolent hopes are likely to be disappointed; for, to the author of '*The Governour*' may be applied the description Chremes gives of Sostrata, "*Magno conatu magnas nugas dicit*,"—"the old woman takes a great deal of trouble to talk a great deal of nonsense."

'*Philip Van Artevelde*. Second Edition.'—Here is a poem in two goodly volumes, with none of the artificial and meretricious glitter of the modern school about it, arrived at a second edition within a few months! Our opinion of the work was fully expressed on its first publication, and we need not therefore add, that its success has been to us a source of unmingled gratification. It is indeed a subject of honest congratulation to all who take an interest in the moral advancement of society, for it is a hope realised.

'*De la Macy, a tale of Real Life*.'—The class of fictions to which this story belongs, is worn out; an incident unsupported by character, costume, or scenery, will now, we fear, hardly carry the patient reader through two volumes. The characters of this novel are, with little exception, fearfully vicious or transcendently good, and a story compounded of their aggressions and endurance can have no closer resemblance to a chapter out of the book of real life, than one of those black and white monstrosities, we find upon Chinese screens, said to be natural scenery or its human tenants.

'*Herbert's Country Parson, &c. with Sacred Poems*. A New Edition.'—Another neat edition of some of the verses of the quaint, and gentlemanly, and, more than all, devout old poet, with a prefatory extract from Walton's *Life*. If we look into such a cabinet of antiquity as this little volume, it is impossible not to advert to the change which has passed over the taste of both writers and readers since its contents were collected.

'*A Tribute to Learning, Fame, Science, and Genius*, by C. F. Cort, West Ham, Essex, Wintonia Scholæ Abbatie Hydensis Alumnus: Carolo Richards Clerk Magistro. Preb. *Ædis*.'—The Duke's criticism on the play of the Athenian mechanics, might well be applied here; and we exclaim, "Well roared, Lion!" to a poet who begins his song with Homer, touches every art, science, era, cycle, and century, much as connectedly as the Bard of the 'Groves of Blarney,' and, without once taking breath by the way, concludes his canticle with a splendid puff of the steel manufactured by the late Mr. Cort, and "his invention of rolling, and his exertions for introducing the pudding process to the public attention."

'*Sonnets, and other Short Poems, chiefly on Sacred Subjects*, by Samuel Hinds, D.D.'—The verses which this volume contains are based on texts of Scripture, and not *de-based* by that meanness of phraseology, or more objectionable familiarity of language, which makes so much of the verse self-styled sacred, somewhat profane.

'*Thorpe's Anglo-Saxon Version of Apollonius of Tyre*.'—Mr. Thorpe has done good service to the cause of Anglo-Saxon literature, by trans-

cribing and publishing this interesting specimen of England's early language. Its value being principally philological, we need not give any particulars of the story further than to mention, that on it was founded the play of 'Pericles of Tyre,' attributed to Shakespeare.

'*Annus; or, a Memoir of the Year MDCCCXXXII, written by itself, with an Introductory Preface by the Year MDCCCXXXIV, also a Testimonial by MDCCCXXXIII*.'—We cannot make up our minds as to whether the preamble of this will and testament, or the document itself, or its codicil, be the driest performance, and shall not again try to unravel the mystery.

'*Minutes of Evidence &c. relating to Medical Education and Practice*.'—A cheap reprint of the Parliamentary record of the Evidence taken before the Committee of the House of Commons, appointed to inquire into the state of Medical Education and Practice in the United Kingdom. This edition is published by the proprietors of the *Lancet*, and professes to be, and we have no doubt is, verbatim.

'*Everett's Panorama of Manchester*.'—A complete and satisfactory description of this metropolis of manufactures: with a preliminary sketch of its history.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

##### THE AMATEUR FESTIVAL AT EXETER HALL.

If there be one view above another in which the Fine Arts appear to us peculiarly interesting, and worthy of all respect, it is when they are practically adopted by the middle classes during the short intervals of leisure permitted them by the active business of life,—when they cheer the merchant or craftsman's resting-place on his daily journey through this careful world, as well as minister to the luxury of the noble and unemployed; and the enjoyment which they give in such a position is equalled in degree by the strength which they receive from being thus widely and rationally disseminated among the people. It is for both these reasons, that we have always pleasure in hearing of the establishment, and watching the progress, of choral societies. They have done and are doing much for the cultivation of music in this country. We should be glad indeed, if the education of the hands of our amateurs kept pace with the training of their voices,—if we could hear more of quartets at home, as well as choruses abroad; but, for the present, we must content ourselves with hoping that instrumental music will yet have its turn, and be thankful for what is set before us.

We are then in no humour to be extreme in our criticism upon the performances at Exeter Hall; and, indeed, they have, as a whole, gone off wonderfully well. The precision of the chorus we mentioned in our last: justice compels us to remark that it was not seconded by the band as it deserved. There was certain *scratches* in the violins,—a want of mellowness in the full orchestra, (the drums were absolutely *thumped*, and not played upon,) and a poverty of effect in the accompaniments to the songs, owing to the small number of instruments employed, which by no means kept pace with the strength and steadiness of the chorus; and we must put on record our opinion, that the employment of an amateur for conductor is not advisable, when some of those over whom he holds authority are professional. The chorus, moreover, was too entirely separated into two divisions, especially for the single choruses, which, to nine-tenths of the audience in the room, must have sounded *split in half*. Thus much for the general features of this interesting meeting.

*First Performance, Thursday, Oct. 30.*—This commenced with the stately opening of Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum*: he has not left a much finer specimen of his powers behind him

than the chorus 'To thee, cherubim,' which went gloriously. A selection from 'Judas Macabæus' followed. The almost peerless chorus, 'Fallen is the foe,' wanted mellowness. The 'Gloria,' from Mozart's Twelfth Mass, was so great a treat, that we must lift up our voices against the scrap system—and ask, why the entire work was not performed?—it is full of beauty. Another instance of the *un-wisdom* of the mutilating system was furnished in the course of the evening, by the omission of the splendid and little-known chorus, 'No more to Ammon's God and King,' after the air which precedes it. The Motett, by Mozart, which opened the second part, went very well. There was some unsteadiness in Beethoven's 'Hallelujah.' We were much struck with the chorus from Jephtha.—'When his loud voice in thunder spoke'—not having heard it for some time. It is one of Handel's master-pieces.

In the solos, Mrs. W. Knyvett, Miss C. Novello, and Mr. Phillips, deserve most honourable mention: the first lady for her 'Farewell, ye limpid springs;' the second, for her perfect and classical singing of Mozart's music; and Mr. Phillips, for the beautiful air, 'O Lord, have mercy upon me,'—a song of which we never grow weary, more especially when given as he gave it. Miss Bruce is too fond of gracing Handel's music with worn-out opera cadences; and Mr. Sapio carries breadth of style to the extreme of squareness; but his 'Lord, remember David,' was beautifully sung. Mr. Turner has a voice the possession of which ought to excite his diligence; but as yet he is far from being fit to succeed Braham, and should avoid the boldness of choosing his great songs, when his passion and pathos are still fresh in our memories. Mr. Leffler is a sound, straightforward, though not a very interesting singer; Mr. G. Pyne a clear and efficient *alto*; but no familiarity with this unnatural voice can ever make it agreeable to our ears.

*Second Performance, Nov. 3.*—The first part of the 'Creation,' and an additional air and chorus or two from the same work, were performed on this occasion, with the greater part of Handel's incomparable 'Israel in Egypt.' A few miscellaneous pieces of music were likewise added to the first part. It is needless to repeat our opinion of the excellence of the chorus, and the want of proportion of the band—and of most of the music we took occasion to speak in our notice of the Abbey meeting: we shall, therefore, only make a few passing remarks on this performance, which was appreciated (as it deserved) by a crowded audience.

In the 'Creation,' we must courteously protest against Mrs. W. Knyvett's version of 'With verdure clad.' She, of all singers we know, is the last person from whom we wish to hear fantastic changes on classical music; and we mention this song as the solitary specimen of bad taste with which we have to charge her. We must allude to Beethoven's exquisite 'Benedictus,' (which, as far as the voices went, was most deliciously and impressively sung—the solo parts being taken by Miss C. Novello and her brother, Mad. Garcia, and Mr. Hawkins,) to entreat that we may be allowed to hear the rest of the magnificent Mass, of which it forms a part, performed on the same grand scale. Mr. Turner sang the solo 'Glory to God' well. Of 'Israel in Egypt' we have nothing new to say, save that it gives us the highest degree of pleasure of which we are capable in music—that the Hailstone chorus was rapturously *encored*, and that we are half-inclined to cancel our remonstrance against Mrs. W. Knyvett's flourishes and trills in the 'Creation,' for the sake of her 'Sing ye to the Lord,' which was as jubilant and dignified as our hearts could desire. We shall seek long in modern music before we shall find anything that excites us as strongly as this simple recitative.



**Third Performance, Nov. 5.**—On this occasion, the 'Messiah' was given, and on the whole given well. The choruses, 'For unto us a child is born,' and the 'Hallelujah,' were *encored*. The attraction of this magnificent oratorio seems rather to increase than diminish in the metropolis, for the room was crowded; and it is to be noted, as a sign of the times, that many of the audience brought copies of the music with them, to enjoy the luxury of following it upon the book. When shall we have the delight of hearing the songs, 'O thou that tellest,' and 'He was despised,' *restored* to an efficient *contralto* singer? Mr. Leffler took Phillips's song of 'Why do the nations,' and sung it well, though over-confidently—a bass voice may be too bold;—Mr. Turner, the declamatory air, 'Thou shalt dash them.' He, too, forces for effect, instead of letting it come naturally. These two singers, as yet little known to the public, are capable of much, and we offer them the above hints in all friendliness.

On the whole, this meeting has surpassed our expectations, and we conclude our notice of it in pleasant anticipation of many more to come. Its great success has induced the directors to give an extra performance. On a future occasion, we shall hope for a more efficient band, and larger drafts upon the comparatively neglected stores of Catholic church music. Why is Mozart's 'Requiem' allowed to remain unheard, year after year? We hope that some society, amateur or professional, will give our question the most satisfactory answer it can receive in the shape of a steady orchestra, a well-trained chorus, and an intelligent conductor.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

We can now say a word or two on the remainder of the periodicals for the month. The *New Monthly*, as usual, contains many lively and brilliant papers: Gilbert Gurney continues his experiences; and the writer of 'My Hobby' (by the way, this must be the identical steed upon which Lenore took her night-ride,) relates the most fearful adventures possible in a graphic and stirring manner.—The *Metropolitan* opens with the first chapter of Captain Marryat's new novel; and the *Monthly* continues to converse with his friend the Spanish Liberal.—The *Court Magazine* is peculiarly light and pleasant this month—just what a Court Magazine should be, with an engraving from the very sweet portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Ashley, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and one of Sir Egerton Brydges' imaginary Dialogues on Poetry.—How can we speak otherwise than gently of the *Gentleman's Magazine*?—seeing that Sylvanus Urban has paid us the highest compliment (according to Dr. Johnson,) which can be paid to authors,—and delicately interwoven a part of our notice of Coleridge into its obituary sketch.—The *Asiatic Journal*, the *United Service Journal*, and the *New Sporting Magazine*, are always pleasant to meet with, because we are sure of finding what we seek in them—information or amusement with reference to one particular subject.—The *British Magazine*, too, swerves not a hair's breadth from its ancient high-church principles.—We have seen better numbers of the *Monthly Repository*; but we are never disappointed of finding nervous and original thinking, and enlightened far-seeing views of art in its pages.

We must notice the Illustrations to the 'Christian Keepsake and Missionary Annual for 1835.' They are many and various in subject, and, as a whole, carefully engraved, though perhaps not ranking very high as works of art. In particular, we think that the burin might have done something more for excellent Leang-a-Fā, the Chinese evangelist. The 'Pass of the great Fish River,' engraved by Goodall, after Purser, is a beautiful scene, new to our eyes; and 'Sidon,' by the same artist, after a painting by

Cassas, is bright and glowing. The scene of the 'Feast of Lanterns' is pleasing from its strangeness;—after all, we suspect that the painters of the pearly old-fashioned china cups have a good deal of truth on their side. Chisholm's 'Widow's Mite' is sweet and simple; and Miss Hannah More's 'Cowslip Green' makes a very pretty vignette for the title-page. It would be bringing grave and merry matters rather too close together, were we here to begin to talk about G. Cruikshank's inimitable 'Comic Almanac;' so it must even "hide its time."

It is rumoured that a Music Hall is to be built forthwith, for the express purpose of holding oratorios and concerts on a grand scale, and that the scheme has been warmly taken up by some of the nobility. We hope that this is true: such a room is wanted; for the experience of the last ten days has convinced us that Exeter Hall is not good for musical purposes; and many conscientious persons object to the use of churches for oratorios. We should like to hear the experiment tried of a performance in Westminster Hall.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

**ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.**—Nov. 3.—J. G. Children, Esq. Sec. R. S. President, in the chair.—Various British and foreign works upon Entomology were presented to the Society, and thanks ordered to be returned for the same to the respective donors. A letter was read from Mr. Johnstone, of the Island of Grenada, acknowledging the arrival of the report of the committee appointed to investigate the ravages of the cane-fly in that island. The following papers were read: Remarks on innumerable quantities of the dead bodies of *Galucra Tanacetii* observed on the coast of Lincolnshire, by W. W. Saunders, F.L.S.; On the Tarsi of Insects, with reference to the superiority of the tarsal system of the coleoptera, and in opposition to the views of Mr. MacLeay, by J. O. Westwood, F.L.S. &c.; Observations on the ravages of *Limnoria terebrans*, a minute crustaceous animal, allied to the woodlice, upon the piles, &c. of marine erections, with the suggestion of remedies against the same, by the Rev. F. W. Hope, F.R.S., &c.; specimens of wood attacked by the insects, as well as of the insects, were exhibited.

Mr. Westwood communicated an account of the injuries done to barley and turnips by several species of insects, which were also exhibited, belonging to the genera *Chenon* and *Eucoila*, as well as the pupa of a dipterous insect which, from its destructive habits, it was feared might prove to be the *Musca Frit*, which, according to Linnæus, annually destroys one-tenth of the crops of barley in Sweden.—Mr. R. H. Lewis exhibited some living specimens of beetles captured by himself in North America, nine weeks since, and which he had preserved alive, without their having taken any food during that period.—A lengthened discussion on the various communications took place:—Mr. Yarrell suggested, (notwithstanding the statement of Mr. Children, that insects which he had placed in solution of corrosive sublimate, had revived after twenty minutes' immersion,) that the saturation of piles and other marine wood-work with such solution, might, by the formation of a new compound of the vegetable juices with the corrosive sublimate, as effectually prevent the attacks of insects as the not less injurious ravages of the dry rot, or other causes of decay.

The first Part of the Society's Transactions was announced as ready for delivery.

**WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY.**—The first meeting of this Society for the twenty-sixth session took place at their rooms in Windmill Street, on Saturday the 18th ult. The two first evenings were principally occupied in the elec-

tion of officers: Dr. Addison was chosen President, Dr. Johnson and Mr. Quain, Vice Presidents. On Saturday last a paper was read by Dr. Epps, 'On Atmospheric Vicissitudes.' The object of the essay was to show the influence of atmospheric changes on the mental and physical character of man in health, and demonstrate the phenomena of its action on the human constitution during disease. Dr. Epps illustrated his subject by some interesting facts, among which he instanced the superior mental and physical strength of the black population in America compared with the white, as well as the manifest increase in their number when a similar comparison is made; arguing from this and other instances, that considerable and important political changes might be a natural sequence. The influence of temperature and climate on diseased states of the human constitution, was illustrated by facts drawn from the history of pulmonary consumption. It appears that Phthisis is little known in Stockholm—that Clot Bey, in a recent work published in Egypt, shows the sanatory influence of its climate on thoracic diseases, and reports the extreme rarity of tubercular affections in that country; that, although one-fourth of the deaths in England proceed from consumption, yet a similar proportion happen in Paris—that, by reference to bills of mortality, the average number of deaths in Rome is found to be one in twenty-one—Naples, one in twenty-eight—Paris, one in thirty-two—while, in London and Leeds, we observe it one in fifty-four, and in our agricultural districts one in seventy-four. From these data, it was argued by the different speakers who took part in the debate, among whom were Dr. Johnson, Mr. Costello, and Mr. Chinnock, that the atmospheric vicissitudes of this climate are beneficial to health, and tend to improve the physical strength of man. The fallacy of sending consumptive patients to foreign countries, was also insisted upon; and it was recommended that the most salubrious spots in our island, from their geological position, or other favourable circumstances in this island, should be selected for the resort of those labouring under that disease.

The discussion of the subject is to be resumed at the next meeting.

**SOCIETY OF ARTS.**—The weekly meetings of this Society recommenced on Wednesday evening, William Pole, Esq. Vice President, in the chair.—A more than ordinary number of communications were announced as having been received during the vacation, many of them relating to improvements in ship-building; and, indeed, the majority on mechanical subjects.

Several alterations and repairs have taken place in the Society's premises since the last meeting in June. The series of paintings by Barry have been thoroughly cleaned; the paintings by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough, of the late Lords Romney and Viscount Folkestone, Vice Presidents of the Society, have also been cleaned and varnished.

The Evening Illustrations, on the plan of last session, will begin on Tuesday. The subject, 'Microscopic Animalculæ,' by R. E. Grant, M.D., Professor of Zoology, &c., at the London University.

#### THEATRICALS

**THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.**  
This Evening, CATO, TURNING THE TABLES, and THE REGENT.  
Wednesday and Friday, CATO.  
'The Council of Three' is postponed.

**THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.**  
This Evening, MANFRED, and CINDERELLA.  
'Manfred' will be repeated every Evening.

#### ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

The only novelty of the week is scarcely deserving the name of one. It is merely another edition of a French piece called 'Ketty,' which was used long ago at Covent Garden Theatre, as

part of an opera called 'The Romance of a Day.' In the present instance some ingenuity has been shown in making an elegant little original into a particularly dull translation. Mrs. Hooper, formerly Miss Brothers, of Drury Lane Theatre, made her debut at this house in *Genevieve*, the heroine. She played the part with much neatness, point, and feeling, and was rewarded with considerable applause. Mr. Serle enacted the lover, and gave evidence of so much good sense that it was impossible to doubt his knowing, among other things, that the part did not suit him. He should buy his love ready-made, for he never gives us the idea of a man who can spare time to make it. The rest of the acting was as dull as the piece. There was a Mr. Rumball, who had a bale of sermons intrusted to him to dispose of, which he retailed by the yard; and there was a Mr. Wright, who made his first appearance in the comic character of the piece—and a more disagreeably intrusive performance we have seldom witnessed. We have no wish to throw cold water upon anybody's ardour, but if Mr. Wright hopes to be tolerated on the London stage, he must set about altering his style, we should say *in toto*. His part is the hackneyed one of a silly bumpkin lover, who fancies that his love is returned, and is undecieved by being, as usual, unceremoniously kicked off, at the end, to make way for his betters. Mr. Wright played it throughout with the disagreeable and beseeching whine of a schoolboy who is in constant fear of a bigger boy's taking his cake, and marked the final loss of his lady as the other would that of his cake, by a volley of vacant broken-hearted blubbering. Far from being funny, his performance was not only distressing, but it projected so far out of the structure to which it belonged, as to form a nuisance—we regret being compelled to indite it. But stay—we had almost forgotten that we are writing about an "Operetta." The music is by Mr. Macfarren, and, as far as we could judge from the very imperfect manner in which it was given, it seemed rather good as well as pretty. There was an overture—an opening chorus—a song most wretchedly sung by a Mr. Aldridge, who, we are sorry to say, was saluted at the end of it by sounds still less musical than his own voice—and a finale. We complained of too much music in the last opera at this house, and in the present one the defect has been supplied by another. We can say nothing of the poetry, as we inquired in vain for a book of the Song.

## MISCELLANEA

We regret to learn that Charles Parbury, Esq. of the firm of Parbury and Allen, publishers to the East India Company, died suddenly on the 6th instant, in the 57th year of his age.

*Crosby Hall*.—Mr. Willement's splendid present of a stained glass window has been placed in Crosby Hall. It contains, among other decorations, the arms of the adjoining Priory of St. Helen; those of Sir John Crosby, by whom the hall was erected; and those of the Grocers' Company, who have contributed largely to the restoration fund. A second subscription, to complete the repairs of this venerable fabric, has been entered into, to which the Alderman of the ward, W. T. Copeland, Esq. M.P., has contributed 100*l*.

*Scientific Institutions in Cheshire*.—We have received the outline of an admirable lecture on Geology, delivered at Macclesfield, on Thursday, October 30th, by the Rev. Edward Stanley, rector of Alderley. The Rev. lecturer lamented that in a county so wealthy, so populous, and so highly respectable as Cheshire, there was not a single literary or scientific institution. He pointed out the beneficial results of such establishments to public morals and the general

welfare of the community, fostering as they do a taste for rational pursuits, and consequently superseding those which are frivolous, irrational, or otherwise objectionable. He then ably vindicated geological science from the charge of being opposed to revelation, and directed the attention of his auditors to many singular facts, connected with the geology of Cheshire, which he illustrated by specimens collected in his own parish. The lecture was altogether one of the most interesting of which we have heard for some time, and it has produced such an effect in Macclesfield, that plans are in a state of forward preparation for establishing a literary and scientific institution, connected with a Museum of Geology and Natural History, in that town. We trust that Mr. Stanley's example will be generally imitated by the clergy, and by persons of influence throughout the country; the progress of science is a matter of national interest; its advance cannot be checked, but it is of the highest importance, that those who are qualified to act as guides, should take care that the progress is made in a right direction.

*The Thames Tunnel*.—We are glad to hear that this vast undertaking has at length obtained the aid of government. The sum of 250,000*l*. it is said, is to be advanced for its completion; the work will therefore be forthwith resumed under the superintendence of the original projector.

*Aurora Borealis*.—(From the *Durham Advertiser*.)—A very singular and beautiful exhibition of the Aurora Borealis was witnessed from the neighbourhood of this city, on the evening of Thursday, the 23rd ult., in the shape of a well-defined arch or beam of light extending from the horizon (nearly due west) towards the east, but passing considerably south of the zenith—its length being above 90°, its breadth scarcely 2°. In the hope that this notice of it may reach the eye of some distant observer, we give our minutes of it taken at the time. 8.51' Greenwich time, bright beam of Aurora rising from the western horizon, and passing through  $\gamma$  Aquilæ. 8.53' beam moved a little north of  $\gamma$  Aquilæ. 8.56' beam moving southward, approaching Atair ( $\alpha$  Aquilæ), and passing through the midst of the four stars in the head of the Dolphin, (many beams of Aurora rising at this time from the horizon due N. or somewhat E. of N. but perceptibly gliding westward). 8.58' beam stationary, passing over Atair. 9.5' beam fading and moving northwards, passing again over  $\gamma$  Aquilæ. 9.18' beam still distinctly visible, but wider than before, passing over  $\gamma$  Aquilæ—another beam of similar and greater width becoming visible a few degrees to the N. of  $\gamma$  Aquilæ, and extending across the heavens to Algol. 9.28' beam still visible, but much faded, again a little to the N. of  $\gamma$  Aquilæ. 9.33' beam no longer visible. The wind (which had blown tempestuously for the preceding two or three days from the W. and N.) was at this time brisk from N.W. The air clear and frosty. Barom. 30.15.

*Microscopes*.—At a late sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, a comparison was made of the merits of different microscopes lately invented. M. Selligues, first, in 1824, constructed a microscope with achromatic glasses. M. Amici sought to improve vastly upon Selligues, and, after much thought and labour, produced a microscope that was valued at 1000 francs. "Lebailly" (we translate the lively reporter of the *National*), "that scientific amateur, who was wont to gather around him all the observers and artists of Paris, possessed a variety of microscopes. He purchased the new one of M. Amici. The magnificent instrument was placed on the table. How it eclipsed all the other microscopes! beggarly things that cost 50 crowns, whilst it cost 40*l*. But, great was the disappointment of the observers—the light was lost in the com-

plexity of glasses, and many objects became utterly undiscernible in the new microscope. M. Lebailly, immediately seizing a few glasses and a tube of pasteboard, improvised a microscope far superior to this most expensive complication. M. Treccourt caught the idea, ground the glasses himself, and produced the reduced achromatic microscope. This has two systems of eye glasses; but its principal characteristic is its object glass, consisting of three achromatized lenses. This triple mode is much preferable to the double of Selligues. This microscope costs 6*l*. sterling, with 1*l*. more for each magnifying system additional. By means of these, the microscope may magnify 2,250 times. But up to 1000 times the object remains admirably clear and perfect."

*A Travelling Nuisance*.—Sir, I am a great lover of fresh air, and when business calls me from London I delight in rushing through it on the roof of some well-appointed coach. But, alas! no sooner do we get off the stones than out come the cigars. Pray, sir, cannot you, or some of your readers, contrive a plan by which these chimneys may be made to consume their own smoke?—SNIFF.—*Mechanic's Mag.*

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

The three remaining parts of *The Road Book* to Italy, by Mr. Brockedon, will be published early next year: the complete volume will contain twenty Volumes.

Mr. Thomas Taylor, author of 'A Life of Cowper,' is preparing for publication, a *Life of the Right Rev. Reginald Heber, late Lord Bishop of Calcutta*.

An Introduction to the Study of Shakespeare, by Rebecca Williams.

A series of Catechetical Lessons, by Rachel Howard, of Ackworth, with 12 engravings by Zeittler.

A new edition of the *Selections from Wordsworth*.

A fifth edition, revised and enlarged, of *Death*, with other Poems, by R. Montgomery.

A new Edition of Professor Anthon's *School Horæ*.

A Treatise on the Gums, explaining their structure, growth, diseases, and sympathies, by George Waite, Surgeon Dentist, M.R.C.S.

*Just published*.—Musical Reminiscences, by the Earl of Mount Edgumbe, 12mo. 8*s*.—Tom Cringle's Log, 2nd edit. 2 vols. 12mo. 12*s*.—Griffith's Spiritual Life, 12mo. 6*s*.—Shelley's Works, Vol. II. royal 18mo. 8*s*.—Songs, by Barry Cornwall, 18mo. 5*s*.—Letters and Essays, by Richard Sharpe, 3rd edit. 18mo. 5*s*.—Pitman's School Shakespeare, 2nd edit. 8vo. 14*s*.—Turner's Chemistry, 5th edit. 8vo. 21*s*.—Interpreted Translation of Virgil's *Æneid*, Books I—VI, 12mo. 6*s*.—Rev. Dr. Card's Dissertation on the Antiquities of the Priory of Great Malvern, 4to. 8*s*.—Deism compared with Christianity, by the Rev. E. Chichester, 2nd edit. 3 vols. 8*s*.—Taylor's Hymns for Infant Minds, 20th edit. 18mo. 1*s*.—The Omnipresence of the Deity, by Robert Montgomery, A. B. 13th edit. revised and enlarged, 12mo. 7*s*.—Adcock's Engineer's Pocket Book, with Almanack, 1835, 12mo. 6*s*.—Poinet's Theory of Rotatory Motion, translated from the French, with Notes, by Charles Whitley, 8vo. 6*s*.—Robinson's Ancient History, new edit. 12mo. 9*s*.—The Nursery Offering; or, Children's Gift, for 1835, 4*s*.—Brunton's Compendium of Mechanics, 6th edit. 12mo. 5*s*.—The Principles of Ophthalmic Surgery, by John Walker, 6*s*.—Essays on Taste, and the Pleasures of Imagination, by Joseph Addison, (from the Spectator), 8vo. 2*s*.—De la Macey; a tale of real life, 2 vols royal 12mo. 20*s*.—Heath's Book of Beauty, for 1835, edited by the Countess of Blessington, 21*s*.—Good's Study of Medicine, edited by Samuel Cooper, 4th edit. 4 vols. 8vo. 6*s*.—Abbott's Young Christian, 32mo. 1*s*.—Doddley's Economy of Human Life, with 12 engravings on steel, 18mo. 5*s*.—Gray's Elegy, each stanza illustrated, 8*s*.—Alphabet of Electricity, 18mo. 2*s*.—Rennie's Hand Book of Botany, 18mo. 2*s*.—Cuvier's Animal Kingdom, 8vo. 12*s*.—The Lover's Own Book, 18mo. 1*s*.—The Book of Courtship, 18mo. 1*s*.—Will Watch, by the author of *Cavalier*, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s*.—An Exposition of Chap. 12, 13, & 14, of 1st Corinthians, with observations on the present State of the Church, by the author of *Explanatory and Practical Comments on the New Testament*, 8vo. 3*s*.—Two Discourses, preached at the Ordination of the Rev. Thomas Morell, Jun. at Ullesthorpe, Leicestershire, by the Rev. S. Morell, and J. Sibree, 8vo. 1*s*.—Twenty Sermons, preached in St. Mary's Chapel of Euse, by the Rev. Hugh White, A.M. 8vo. 2nd edit. 10*s*.—The Short Hand Writer's Pocket Guide, (by which 150 words may be written in a minute), by John Gardiner, 32mo. 1*s*.—The Gem, a modern Poetical Miscellany, edited by Ralph Fleck, 18mo. 2*s*.—Spiritual Hymns, 12mo. 3*s*.—Bagster on the Management of Bees, 12mo. 6*s*.—Roberts's History of Lyme Regis, and Charmouth, 12mo. 8*s*.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

## SCHOOL OF PHYSIC IN IRELAND.

THE Professors will commence their Lectures and Hospital Attendance on MONDAY, the 3rd of NOVEMBER, at the following hours:—

At Nine o'clock the Hospital will be visited by the Clinical Lecturer.

At Eleven o'clock, Dr. Crampton will Lecture on the Materia Medica and Pharmacy.

At One o'clock, Dr. Macartney, on Anatomy.

At Two o'clock, Dr. Barker, on Chemistry.

At Three o'clock, Dr. Lendrick, on the Practice of Medicine.

At Four o'clock, Dr. Graves, on the Institutes of Medicine.

Dr. Alliman's Lectures and Demonstrations on Botany, will commence in the last week of April, and end before the middle of July.

A separate Course of Lectures on Surgery will be delivered by Dr. Macartney.

Clinical Lectures will be delivered on two days in the week by Dr. Lendrick and Dr. Graves.

The Lectures on Midwifery by Dr. Montgomery, Professor to the College of Physicians, will be delivered at Ten o'clock.

Pupils desirous of attending Practical Midwifery, may have an opportunity of doing so by applying to Dr. Montgomery.

The Lectures on Anatomy, Chemistry, and Botany, will be delivered in Trinity College; the Clinical Lectures and the Lectures on Materia Medica, Practice of Medicine, Institutes of Medicine, and Midwifery, will be given in Sir Patrick Dun's Hospital.

Demonstrations will be given in Trinity College by Dr. Macartney, Dr. Nolan, and Mr. Carlie.

Operating Pupils instructed in General and Pharmaceutical Chemistry, at the Chemical Laboratory, Trinity College.

Pupils qualified to act as Clinical Clerks, and desirous to avail themselves of the advantages of the appointment, are requested to apply without delay to the Clinical Lecturers.

According to a recent regulation of the Board of the University, the Degree of M.B. may be obtained after somewhat more than one year, dated from graduation in Arts.

The License of the King and Queen's College of Physicians may be obtained by Non-graduates, after a period of four years occupied in Medical study, as prescribed by the Colleges.

(Signed) G. A. KENNEDY, M.D.

Registrar to the College of Physicians.

Dublin, 15th Sept. 1831.

## Sales by Auction.

## LAW LIBRARY.

By Messrs. SOUTHWATE, SON, and GRIMSTON, at their Rooms, 22, Fleet-street, THIS DAY, SATURDAY, Nov. 8, 1834, at Twelve for One o'clock precisely,

COMPRISING Parliamentary History, Debates, and State Trials, 154 vols.—Statutes at Large, to 1st Will. IV. 74 vols.—Morton's Dictionary of Decisions, 42 vols.—Toulmin Law Dictionary, 2 vols.—Gibbert's Abridgment, 3 vols.—Cruise's Digest, 6 vols.—Bythewood's Precedents in Conveyancing, 8 vols.—Reports by Vesey, 19 vols.—Swanston, 3 vols.—Russell, 2 vols.—Darnford and East, 8 vols.—Borrow, 3 vols.—Douglas, 4 vols.—East, 10 vols.—Maule and Selwyn, 5 vols.—Barnewall and Alderson, 5 vols.—Barnewall and Creswell, 10 vols.—Dore, 6 vols.—Moore, 10 vols.—Saunders, 3 vols.—Boanquet and Puller, 5 vols.—Bligh, 4 vols.

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BOOKS IN QUIRES AND BOARDS, STEREOTYPE AND COPPER PLATES, &c.

On MONDAY, November 10, and following Day, at Half-past Twelve o'clock,

Comprising the Works of Byron, Blair, Plutarch, Robertson, Buchan, Reynolds, Barrett, Shakespeare, &c. generally best Editions.—THE CORPUS OF DONOVAN'S INSECTS OF INDIA AND CHINA—Saloon of Arts—Knight's Pomona Herfordensis—Syntaxis's Wars of Wellington: &c.—STEREOTYPE PLATES of St. Peter's Miracles of Nature, Johnson's Lives of the Poets, Tom Jones, &c.

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On THURSDAY, November 13,

LAW LIBRARY, removed from Barnard's Inn: including the best Chancery, King's Bench, and other Reports; in good condition.

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 edition. 8vo. 5s.

Published by R. Colburn, by R. Bentley. Sold by all Book-  
 sellers.

London: J. HOLMES, Took's Court, Chancery Lane.  
 Published every Saturday at the ATHENÆUM OFFICE, No. 5,  
 Catherine Street, Strand, by J. FRANCIS; and sold by all  
 Booksellers and News-vendors. — Agents: for SCOTLAND, Messrs.  
 Bell & Bradfield, Edinburgh; for IRELAND, W. F. Wakeman,  
 Dublin; for the CONTINENT, M. Eudry, 9, rue du  
 St-Honore, Paris.